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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

L O N D O N:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE
P O E M S
OF
R O C H E S T E R,
R O S C O M M O N,
AND
Y A L D E N.

THE
P O E M S
OF
ROCHESTER



YALDEN

P O E M S

BY THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

P O E M S



1811 O M M O N

P O E M S

BY THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

A N E S S A Y

O N

TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that author, whose correct * essay

Repairs so well our old Horatian way:

And happy you, who (by propitious fate)

On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,

And with strict discipline instructed right,

Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.

But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,

Conspire to censure and expose our age:

Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,

To the few virtues that we have, be just.

* John Sheffield duke of Buckinghamshire.

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For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
 To search the treasures of the Roman store;
 Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?

The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle
 With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile.

Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,
 And nature seconds all his soft desires:

Theocritus does now to us belong;
 And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.

Who has not heard how Italy was blest,
 Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?

Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,
 As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view!

When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis' hearse,
 Who does not weep that reads the moving verse!

But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
 Sicilian Muses through these happy plains

Proclaim Saturnian times---our own Apollo reigns!

When France had breath'd, after intestine broils,
 And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,
 There (cultivated by a royal hand)
 Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the land;
 The choicest books that Rome or Greece have known,
 Her excellent translators made her own:

And Europe still considerably gains,
 Both by their good example and their pains.
 From hence our generous emulation came,
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same.
 But now, we shew the world a nobler way,
 And in translated verse do more than they;

Serene

Serene, and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
 With sweetness not to be express'd in prose :
 Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
 And shews the stuff, but not the workman's skill :
 I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)
 Scarce know my master as he there appears.
 Vain are our neighbours hopes, and vain their cares,
 The fault is more their language's than theirs :
 'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
 Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords ;
 But who did ever in French authors see
 The comprehensive English energy ?
 The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
 Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine,
 I speak my private, but impartial sense,
 With freedom, and (I hope) without offence ;
 For I'll recant, when France can shew me wit,
 As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
 'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
 But good translation is no easy art.
 For though materials have long since been found,
 Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound ;
 And by improving what was writ before,
 Invention labours less, but judgment more.
 The soil intended for Pierian seeds
 Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.
 Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
 At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes.
 For none have been with admiration read,
 But who (beside their learning) were well bred.

The first great work (a task perform'd by few)
 Is, that yourself may to yourself be true :
 No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve ;
 Dissect your mind, examine every nerve,
 Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
 Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
 That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes)
 Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,
 With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound
 Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground.
 And (if my Muse can through past ages see)
 That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he ;
 Exploded, when with universal scorn,
 The mountains labour'd and a mouse was born.

Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,
 Audacious mortals, and be timely wise !
 'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
 Wedg'd in that timber, which he strove to rend.

Each poet with a different talent writes,
 One praises, one instructs, another bites.
 Horace did ne'er aspire to Epic bays,
 Nor lofty Maro stoop to Lyric lays.
 Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
 And which the ruling passion of your mind ;
 Then, seek a poet who your way does bend,
 And choose an author as you choose a friend,
 United by this sympathetic bond,
 You grow familiar, intimate, and fond ;
 Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls agree,
 No longer his interpreter, but he.

With

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd!
 How nice the reputation of the maid!
 Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
 By chaste instruction of her tender years.
 The first impression in her infant breast
 Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
 Let not austerity breed servile fear,
 No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
 Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
 And specious flattery's more pernicious bait,
 Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,
 But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence;
 For want of decency is want of sense.
 What moderate fop would rake the Park or stews,
 Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose?
 Variety of such is to be found;
 Take then a subject proper to expound:
 But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
 For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
 And such applause it must expect to meet,
 As would some painter busy in a street,
 To copy bulls and bears, and every sign,
 That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.

Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,
 It must delight us when 'tis understood.
 He that brings fulsome objects to my view,
 (As many old have done, and many new)
 With nauseous images my fancy fills,
 And all goes down like oxymel of squills.

Instruct

218 ROSCOMMON'S POEMS.

Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise:
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill.
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded Gods,
Makes some suspect he snores, as well as nods.
But I offend---Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down;
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like, implicitly admires.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass:
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing came;
But few, oh few souls, præordain'd by fate,
The race of Gods, have reach'd that envy'd height,
No Rebel-Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills can hither climb:
The grizly ferryman of hell deny'd
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide:
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call!

Pride

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
 Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
 The men, who labour and digest things most,
 Will be much apter to despond than boast :
 For if your author be profoundly good,
 Twill cost you dear before he 's understood,
 How many ages since has Virgil writ !
 How few are they who understand him yet !
 Approach his altars with religious fear,
 No vulgar deity inhabits there :
 Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
 Than poets should before their Mantuan God.
 Hail mighty Maro ! may that sacred name
 Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame ;
 Sublime ideas and apt words infuse.
 The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the Muse !
 What I have instanc'd only in the best,
 Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
 Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,
 There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar ;
 Search every comment that your care can find,
 Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind ;
 Yet be not blindly guided by the throng ;
 The multitude is always in the wrong.
 When things appear unnatural or hard,
 Consult your author, with himself compar'd ;
 Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,
 And future ages to your labour owe ?
 Such secrets are not easily found out,
 But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.

Truth

Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.

Truth still is one; truth is divinely bright,
No cloudy doubts obscure her native light;
While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
You may confound, but never can translate.
Your style will this through all disguises show,
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only proves he understands a text,
Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names insist,
Rather create than dissipate the mist;
And grow unjust by being over-nice,
(For superstitious virtue turns to vice.)
Let Crassus's † ghost and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell.
Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monæses' name.

Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.
And some that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shews a translator both discreet and bold,

Excursions are inexpiably bad;
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness;
For truth shines brightest through the plainest dress. }

† Hor. 3, Od. vi.

Th' Ænean Muse, when she appears in state,
 Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait.
 Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
 As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.
 Your author always will the best advise,
 Fall when he falls, and when he rises rise.
 Affected noise is the most wretched thing,
 That to contempt can empty scriblers bring.
 Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
 On even syllables (and still the last)
 Though gross innumerable faults abound,
 In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.
 But this is meant of even verse alone,
 As being most harmonious and most known:
 For if you will unequal numbers try,
 There accents on odd syllables must lie.
 Whatever sister of the learned Nine
 Does to your suit a willing ear incline,
 Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
 She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame.
 But, if a wild uncertainty prevail,
 And turn your veering heart with every gale,
 You lose the fruit of all your former care,
 For the sad prospect of a just despair.

A quack, (too scandalously mean to name)
 Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame:
 As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
 The labouring wife invokes his surer aid.
 Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
 Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise;

And

And largely, what she wants in words, supplies,
 With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.
 But what a thoughtless animal is man!
 (How very active in his own trepan!)
 For, greedy of physicians frequent fees,
 From female mellow praise he takes degrees;
 Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then
 From saving women falls to killing men.
 Another such had left the nation thin,
 In spite of all the children he brought in.
 His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew;
 And where they fell, as certainly they flew;
 His name struck every where as great a damp,
 As Archimedes through the Roman camp.
 With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
 For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
 But now repentance came too late for grace;
 And meagre Famine star'd him in the face:
 Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
 But found no husband left to own a child.
 The friends, that got the brats, were poison'd too;
 In this sad case, what could our vermin do?
 Worry'd with debts and past all hope of bail,
 Th' unpity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail:
 And there with basket-alms, scarce kept alive,
 Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
 Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
 Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
 And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!

But

But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
 Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
 Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
 For rich ill poets are without excuse.
 'Tis very dangerous, tampering with a Muse,
 The profit's small and you have much to lose;
 For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
 Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.
 No poet any passion can excite,
 But what they feel transport them when they write.
 Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
 And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
 I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes:
 And panting; Lo! the god, the god, she cries;
 With words not hers, and more than human sound
 She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling through
 the ground.

But, though we must obey when heaven commands,
 And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
 Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
 For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess.
 Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
 And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
 As when the chearful hours too freely pass,
 And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
 Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
 Through every swelling vein a loud retreat:
 So when a Muse propitiously invites,
 Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;

But

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But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
 Leave off, and for another summons wait.
 Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
 Adulterate metals to the sterling stamp,
 Appear not meaner, than mere human lines,
 Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines :
 These nervous, bold ; those languid and remiss ;
 There, cold salutes ; but here, a lover's kifs.
 Thus have I seen a rapid, headlong tide,
 With foaming waves the passive Soane divide ;
 Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
 While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.

The privilege that ancient poets claim,
 Now turn'd to license by too just a name,
 Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,
 Which scorns to take it—
 Absurd expressions, crude, abortive thoughts,
 All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
 Base fugitives to that asylum fly,
 And sacred laws with insolence defy.
 Not thus our heroes of the former days,
 Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays ;
 For I mistake, or far the greatest part
 Of what some call neglect, was study'd art.
 When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
 'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign
 To wake your fancy, and prepare your sight,
 To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.
 I lose my patience, when with saucy pride,
 By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.

Reverse

Reverse of nature ! shall such copies then
Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen !
And the rude notions of pedantic schools
Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules !

The delicacy of the nicest ear
Finds nothing harsh or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
The sound is still a comment to the sense.

A skilful ear in numbers should preside,
And all disputes without appeal decide.
This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.

When, by impulse from heaven, Tyrtæus sung,
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung ;
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
And what two generals lost a poet gain'd.
By secret influence of indulgent skies,
Empire and poesy together rise.
True poets are the guardians of a state,
And, when they fail, portend approaching fate.
For that which Rome to conquest did inspire,
Was not the Vestal, but the Muses' fire ;
Heaven joins the blessings : No declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.

Of many faults, rhyme is (perhaps) the cause ;
Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws,
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown :
Subdued, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invaders' way.

I grant that from some mossy, idol oak,
 In double rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;
 And by succession of unlearned times,
 As Bards began, so Monks rung on the chimes.

But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine,
 With all their beams on our blest island shine,
 Why should not we their ancient rites restore,
 And be, what Rome or Athens were before?

* Have we forgot how Raphael's numerous prose
 ' Led our exalted souls through heavenly camps,
 ' And mark'd the ground where proud apostate thrones
 ' Defy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt host and host,
 ' (A narrow, but a dreadful interval)
 ' Portentous fight! before the cloudy van
 ' Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
 ' Came towering arm'd in adamant and gold.
 ' There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
 ' Dispers'd æthereal forms, and down they fell
 ' By thousands, angels on arch-angels roll'd;
 ' Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
 ' Which (with their ponderous load, rocks, waters,
 ' woods)
 ' From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops
 ' They bore like shields before them through the air,
 ' Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their foes.
 ' All was confusion, heaven's foundations shook,
 ' Threatning no less than universal wreck,
 ' For Michael's arm main promontories flung,

* An essay on blank verse, out of Paradise Lost, B. VI.

' And

‘ And over-prest whole legions weak with sin :
 ‘ Yet they blasphem’d and struggled as they lay,
 ‘ Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz’d,
 ‘ And (arm’d with vengeance) God’s victorious Son
 ‘ (Effulgence of paternal deity)
 ‘ Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,
 ‘ Drove th’ old original rebels headlong down,
 ‘ And sent them flaming to the vast abyss.’

O may I live to hail the glorious day,
 And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,
 When in triumphant state the British Muse,
 True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,
 And in the Roman majesty appear,
 Which none know better, and none come so near.

A P A R A P H R A S E

ON THE

CXLVIIIth P S A L M.

O Azure vaults ! O crystal sky !
 The world’s transparent canopy,

Break your long silence, and let mortals know
 With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing’d squadrons of the god of war,
 Who conquer wherefoe’er you are,
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known
 On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne.

Great eye of all, whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day,
O praise his name, without whose purer light
Thou hadst been hid in an abyfs of night.

Ye moon and planets, who difpenfe,
By God's command, your influence ;
Refign to him, as your Creator due,
That veneration which men pay to you.

Faireft, as well as firft, of things,
From whom all joy, all beauty fprings ;
O praife th' Almighty Ruler of the globe,
Who ufeth thee for his empyreal robe.

Praife him ye loud harmonious fpheres,
Whofe fared ftamp all nature bears,
Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
And whofe command is th' univerfal law :

Ye watery mountains of the fky,
And you fo far above our eye,
Vaft ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye dragons, whofe contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of death,
Change your fierce hissing into joyful fong,
And praife your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praife

Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
That in the seas vast bosoms sleep;
At whose command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
And you who through the concave blow,
Swift executors of his holy word,
Whirlwinds and tempests, praise th' Almighty Lord,

Mountains, who to your Maker's view
Seem less than mole-hills do to you,
Remember how, when first Jehovah spoke,
All heaven was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

Praise him, sweet offspring of the ground,
With heavenly nectar yearly crown'd;
And ye tall cedars, celebrate his praise,
That in his temple sacred altars raise.

Idle musicians of the spring,
Whose only care 's to love and sing,
Fly through the world, and let your trembling throat
Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.

Praise him each savage furious beast,
That on his stores do daily feast:
And you tame slaves of the laborious plow,
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majestic monarchs, mortal gods,
Whose power hath here no periods,
May all attempts against your crowns be vain !
But still remember by whose power you reign.

Let the wide world his praises sing,
Where Tagus and Euphrates spring,
And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that dispose of all our lives,
Praise him from whom your power derives ;
Be true and just like him, and fear his word,
As much as malefactors do your sword.

Praise him, old monuments of time ;
O praise him in your youthful prime ;
Praise him, fair idols of our greedy sense ;
Exalt his name, sweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name shall only last,
When heaven, and earth, and all is past :
Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,
But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race,
The God of gods, the God of grace ;
Who will above the stars your empire raise,
And with his glory recompense your praise.

A PRO-

A P R O L O G U E,

S P O K E N T O

His Royal Highness the DUKE of YORK,

At Edinburgh.

FOLLY and vice are easy to describe,
 The common subjects of our scribbling tribe;
 But when true virtues, with unclouded light,
 All great, all royal, shine divinely bright,
 Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak;
 Let England, Flanders, let all Europe speak,
 Let France acknowledge that her shaken throne
 Was once supported, Sir, by you alone:
 Banish'd from thence for an usurper's sake,
 Yet trusted then with her last desperate stake:
 When wealthy neighbours strove with us for power,
 Let the sea tell, how in their fatal hour,
 Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,
 Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;
 His name struck fear, his conduct won the day,
 He came, he saw, he seiz'd the struggling prey,
 And while the heavens were fire and th' ocean blood,
 Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.

O happy islands, if you knew your bliss!
 Strong by the sea's protection, safe by his!
 Express your gratitude the only way,
 And humbly own a debt too vast to pay:

Let Fame aloud to future ages tell,
 None e'er commanded, none obey'd so well;
 While this high courage, this undaunted mind,
 So loyal, so submissively resign'd,
 Proclaim that such a hero never springs,
 But from the uncorrupted blood of kings.

S O N G.

On a young Lady who sung finely, and was
 afraid of a Cold.

WINTER, thy cruelty extend,
 Till fatal tempests swell the sea.

In vain let sinking pilots pray;

Beneath thy yoke let Nature bend,
 Let piercing frost, and lasting snow,
 Through woods and fields destruction sow!

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
 While you these lesser ills create,
 These we can bear; but, gentle Fate,
 And thou, blest Genius of our isle,
 From Winter's rage defend her voice,
 At which the listening Gods rejoice.

May that celestial sound each day
 With extasy transport our souls,
 Whilst all our passions it controls,
 And kindly drives our cares away;
 Let no ungentle cold destroy,
 All taste we have of heavenly joy!

VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL'S SIXTH ECLOGUE,

S I L E N U S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this Eclogue; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in Nature since her birth. This Eclogue was designed as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two pupils.

I First of Romans stoop'd to rural strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell among Sicilian swains,
When my Thalia rais'd her bolder voice,
And kings and battles were her lofty choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuse,
And with this whisper check th' aspiring Muse

A shepherd

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A shepherd, Tityrus, his flocks should feed,
 And choose a subject suited to his reed.
 Thus I (while each ambitious pen prepares
 To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars)
 My pastoral tribute in low numbers pay,
 And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent eyes
 Can look on this, and such a trifle prize)
 Thee only, Varus, our glad swains shall sing,
 And every grove and every echo ring.
 Phœbus delights in Varus' favourite name,
 And none who under that protection came
 Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of fame.

Proceed my Muse.

Young Chromis and Mnasyllus chanc'd to stray
 Where (sleeping in a cave) Silenus lay,
 Whose constant cups fly fuming to his brain,
 And always boil in each extended vein;
 His trusty flaggon, full of potent juice,
 Was hanging by, worn thin with age and use;
 Drop'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground;
 In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound;
 Eager, for both had been deluded long
 With fruitless hope of his instructive song:
 But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
 Ægle, the fairest Nais of the flood,
 With a vermilion dye his temples stain'd.
 Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd?
 Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
 And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.

The

The promis'd verse no longer I'll delay
 (She shall be satisfy'd another way).

With that he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
 The knotty oaks their listening branches bow'd,
 And savage beasts and Sylvan Gods did crowd ;

For lo ! he sung the world's stupendous birth,
 How scatter'd seeds of sea, and air, and earth,
 And purer fire, through universal night
 And empty space, did fruitfully unite ;
 From whence th' innumerable race of things,
 By circular successive order springs.

By what degrees this earth's compacted sphere
 Was harden'd, woods and rocks and towns to bear ;
 How sinking waters (the firm land to drain)
 Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main,
 While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,
 A new-born sun surpriz'd the dazzled sight ;
 How vapours turn'd to clouds obscure the sky,
 And clouds dissolv'd the thirsty ground supply ;
 How the first forest rais'd its shady head,
 Till when, few wandering beasts on unknown mountains
 fed.

Then Pyrrha's stony race rose from the ground,
 Old Saturn reign'd with golden plenty crown'd,
 And bold Prometheus (whose untam'd desire
 Rival'd the sun with his own heavenly fire)
 Now doom'd the Scythian vulture's endless prey,
 Severely pays for animating clay.
 He nam'd the nymph (for who but Gods could tell ?)
 Into whose arms the lovely Hylas fell ;

Alcides

236 ROSCOMMON'S POEMS.

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
Hylas in vain resounds through all the coast.

He with compassion told Pasiphaë's fault,
Ah! wretched queen! whence came that guilty thought?
The maids of Argos, who with frantic cries
And imitated lowings fill'd the skies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
Did never burn with such unnatural heat.

Ah! wretched queen! while you on mountains stray,
He on soft flowers his snowy side does lay;
Or seeks in herds a more proportion'd love:
Surround, my nymphs, she cries, surround the grove;
Perhaps some footsteps printed in the clay,
Will to my love direct your wandering way;
Perhaps, while thus in search of him I roam,
My happier rivals have intic'd him home.

He sung how Atalanta was betray'd
By those Hesperian baits her lover laid,
And the sad sisters who to trees were turn'd,
While with the world th' ambitious brother burn'd.
All he describ'd was present to their eyes,
And as he rais'd his verse, the poplars seem'd to rise.

He taught which Muse did by Apollo's will
Guide wandering Gallus to th' Aonian hill:
(Which place the God for solemn meetings chose)
With deep respect the learned senate rose,
And Linus thus (deputed by the rest)
The hero's welcome, and their thanks, express'd:
This harp of old to Hesiod did belong,
To this, the Muses' gift, join thy harmonious song;
Charm'd

Charm'd by these strings, trees starting from the ground,
Have follow'd with delight the powerful sound.
Thus consecrated, thy Grynæan grove
Shall have no equal in Apollo's love.

Why should I speak of the Megarian maid,
For love perfidious, and by love betray'd?
And her, who round with barking monsters arm'd,
The wandering Greeks (ah frightened men!) alarm'd;
Whose only hope on shatter'd ships depends,
While fierce sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the Thracian tyrant's alter'd shape,
And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,
Who to those woods directs her mournful course,
Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force,
While, loth to leave the palace too well known,
Progné flies, hovering round, and thinks it still her own?

Whatever near Eurota's happy stream
With laurels crown'd, had been Apollo's theme,
Silenus sings; the neighbouring rocks reply,
And send his mystic numbers through the sky;
Till night began to spread her gloomy veil,
And call'd the counted sheep from every dale;
The weaker light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing shades the murmuring world resign'd.

ODE UPON SOLITUDE.

I.

HAIL, sacred Solitude! from this calm bay,
 I view the world's tempestuous sea,
 And with wise pride despise
 All those senseless vanities :

With pity mov'd for others, cast away
 On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them toss'd
 On rocks of folly, and of vice, I see them lost :
 Some the prevailing malice of the great,

Unhappy men or adverse Fate,
 Sunk deep into the gulphs of an afflicted state. }
 But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
 Whilst Virtue courts them, but alas in vain,

Fly from her kind embracing arms,
 Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest charms,
 And, sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease,
 They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate please.

II.

Hail, sacred Solitude! soul of my soul,
 It is by thee I truly live,
 Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give ;
 Dost each unruly appetite control :
 Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast,
 With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.

Presuming love does ne'er invade
 This private solitary shade ;
 And, with fantastic wounds by beauty made,

The

The joy has no allay of jealousy, hope, and fear,
The solid comforts of this happy sphere :

Yet I exalted Love admire,
Friendship, abhorring fordid gain,
And purify'd from Lust's dishonest stain :
Nor is it for my solitude unfit,

For I am with my friend alone,
As if we were but one ;
'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
But friendship does two souls in one comprise.

III.

Here in a full and constant tide doth flow
All blessings man can hope to know ;
Here in a deep recess of thought we find
Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the mind ;
Pleasures which do from friendship and from know-
ledge rise,

Which make us happy, as they make us wise :

Here may I always on this downy grass,
Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass :
Till with a gentle force victorious death

My solitude invade,
And, stopping for a while my breath,
With ease convey me to a better shade.

T H E
T W E N T Y - S E C O N D O D E
O F T H E
F I R S T B O O K O F H O R A C E .

VIRTUE, dear friend, needs no defence,
The surest guard is innocence :
None knew, till guilt created fear,
What darts or poison'd arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes
Through Libyan sands and Scythian snows,
Or where Hydaspes' wealthy fide
Pays tribute to the Persian pride.

For as (by amorous thoughts betray'd)
Careless in Sabine woods I stray'd,
A grisly foaming wolf unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No beast of more portentous size
In the Hercinian forest lies ;
None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place,
That Neptune's frozen arms embrace ;
Where angry Jove did never spare
One breath of kind and temperate air.

Set me where on some pathless plain
The swarthy Africans complain,

To

To see the chariot of the Sun
So near their scorching country run.

The burning zone, the frozen isles,
Shall hear me sing of Cælia's smiles :
All cold but in her breast I will despise,
And dare all heat but that in Cælia's eyes.

THE SAME IMITATED.

I.

VIRTUE (dear friend) needs no defence,

No arms, but its own innocence :
Quivers and bows, and poison'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

II.

An honest mind safely alone
May travel through the burning zone ;
Or through the deepest Scythian snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

III.

While, rul'd by a resistless fire,
Our great † Orinda I admire,
The hungry wolves that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

† Mrs. Catharine Philips.

R

IV.

IV.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace;
When there her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon some Libyan plain,
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

VI.

The magic of Orinda's name,
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in verse.

Part of the FIFTH SCENE of the SECOND ACT in
GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO,

TRANSLATED.

AH happy grove! dark and secure retreat
Of sacred silence, rest's eternal seat;
How well your cool and unfrequented shade
Suits with the chaste retirements of a maid;
Oh! if kind heaven had been so much my friend,
To make my fate upon my choice depend;
All my ambition I would here confine,
And only this Elysium should be mine:

Fond

Fond men, by passion wilfully betray'd,
 Adore those idols which their fancy made;
 Purchasing riches with our time and care,
 We lose our freedom in a gilded snare;
 And, having all, all to ourselves refuse,
 Opprest with blessings which we fear to use.
 Fame is at best but an inconstant good,
 Vain are the boasted titles of our blood;
 We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
 And with our youth our short-liv'd beauty dies;
 In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,
 If our abundance makes us wish for more;
 How happy is the harmless country-maid,
 Who, rich by nature, scorns superfluous aid!
 Whose modest cloaths no wanton eyes invite,
 But like her soul preserves the native white;
 Whose little store her well-taught mind does please,
 Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton ease,
 Who, free from storms, which on the great-ones fall,
 Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all;
 No care but love can discompose her breast,
 Love, of all cares, the sweetest and the best:
 While on sweet grass her bleating charge does lie,
 Our happy lover feeds upon her eye;
 Not one on whom or Gods or men impose,
 But one whom love has for this lover chose,
 Under some favourite myrtle's shady boughs,
 They speak their passions in repeated vows,
 And whilst a blush confesses how she burns,
 His faithful heart makes as sincere returns;

Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,
And while they live, their flames can never die.

T H E D R E A M.

TO the pale tyrant, who to horrid graves
Condemns so many thousand helpless slaves,
Ungrateful we do gentle sleep compare,
Who, though his victories as numerous are,
Yet from his slaves no tribute does he take,
But woeful cares that load men while they wake.
When his soft charms had eas'd my weary sight
Of all the baleful troubles of the light,
Dorinda came, divested of the scorn
Which the unequal'd maid so long had worn;
How oft, in vain, had Love's great God essay'd
To tame the stubborn heart of that bright maid!
Yet, spite of all the pride that swells her mind,
The humble God of Sleep can make her kind.
A rising blush increas'd the native store
Of charms, that but too fatal were before.
Once more present the vision to my view,
The sweet illusion, gentle Fate, renew!
How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I!
Shew me, blest God of Sleep, and let me die.

THE GHOST OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS,

To the New One, appointed to meet at OXFORD.

FROM deepest dungeons of eternal night,
The seats of horror, sorrow, pains, and spite,
I have been sent to tell you, tender youth,
A seasonable and important truth.
I feel (but, oh! too late) that no disease
Is like a surfeit of luxurious ease:
And of all others, the most tempting things
Are too much wealth, and too indulgent kings,
None ever was superlatively ill,
But by degrees, with industry and skill:
And some, whose meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow knaves by use, and rebels by despair.
My time is past, and yours will soon begin,
Keep the first blossoms from the blast of sin;
And by the fate of my tumultuous ways,
Preserve yourselves, and bring serener days.
The busy, subtle serpents of the law,
Did first my mind from true obedience draw:
While I did limits to the king prescribe,
And took for oracles that canting tribe,
I chang'd true freedom for the name of free,
And grew seditious for variety:
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And by the laws illegally abus'd;

The robe was summon'd, Maynard in the head,
In legal murder none so deeply read;
I brought him to the bar, where once he stood,
Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood
Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms rung
With his accumulative hackney-tongue;
Prisoners and witnesses were waiting by,
These had been taught to swear, and those to die,
And to expect their arbitrary fates,
Some for ill faces, some for good estates.
To fright the people, and alarm the town,
Bedloe and Oates employ'd the reverend gown.
But while the triple mitre bore the blame,
The king's three crowns were their rebellious aim:
I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the guards,
And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards:
Anti-monarchic Heretics of state,
Immoral Atheists, rich and reprobate:
But above all I got a little guide,
Who every ford of villainy had try'd:
None knew so well the old pernicious way,
To ruin subjects, and make kings obey;
And my small Jehu, at a furious rate,
Was driving Eighty back to Forty-eight.
This the king knew, and was resolv'd to bear,
But I mistook his patience for his fear.
All that this happy island could afford,
Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous board.
In his whole paradise, one only tree
He had excepted by a strict decree;

A sacred

A sacred tree, which royal fruit did bear,
 Yet it in pieces I conspir'd to tear;
 Beware, my child! divinity is there.
 This so undid all I had done before,
 I could attempt, and he endure no more;
 My unprepar'd, and unrepenting breath,
 Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of death;
 And I, with all my sins about me, hurl'd
 To th' utter darkness of the lower world:
 A dreadful place! which you too soon will see,
 If you believe seducers more than me.

O N T H E
 DEATH OF A LADY'S DOG.

THOU, happy creature, art secure
 From all the torments we endure;
 Despair, ambition, jealousy,
 Lost friends, nor love, disquiet thee;
 A fullen prudence drew thee hence
 From noise, fraud, and impertinence.
 Though life essay'd the surest wile,
 Gilding itself with Laura's smile;
 How didst thou scorn life's meaner charms,
 Thou who could'st break from Laura's arms!
 Poor Cynick! still methinks I hear
 Thy awful murmurs in my ear;
 As when on Laura's lap you lay,
 Chiding the worthless crowd away.
 How fondly human passions turn!
 What we then envy'd, now we mourn!

E P I L O G U E

T O

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

WHEN ACTED AT THE THEATRE IN DUBLIN.

YOU've seen to-night the glory of the East,

The man, who all the then known world possess'd,
 That kings in chains did son of Ammon call,
 And kingdoms thought divine, by treason fall.
 Him Fortune only favour'd for her sport;
 And when his conduct wanted her support,
 His empire, courage, and his boasted line,
 Were all prov'd mortal by a slave's design.
 Great Charles, whose birth has promis'd milder sway,
 Whose awful nod all nations must obey,
 Secur'd by higher powers, exalted stands
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
 Those miracles that guard his crowns, declare
 That heaven has form'd a monarch worth their care;
 Born to advance the loyal, and depose
 His own, his brother's, and his father's foes.
 Faction, that once made diadems her prey,
 And stop't our prince in his triumphant way,
 Fled like a mist before this radiant day.
 So when, in heaven, the mighty rebels rose,
 Proud, and resolv'd that empire to depose,

Angels

Angels fought first, but unsuccessful prov'd,
 God kept the conquest for his best lov'd :
 At sight of such omnipotence they fly,
 Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die.
 All who before him did ascend the throne,
 Labour'd to draw three restive nations on.
 He boldly drives them forward without pain,
 They hear his voice, and straight obey the rein.
 Such terror speaks him destin'd to command;
 We worship Jove with thunder in his hand;
 But when his mercy without power appears,
 We slight his altars, and neglect our prayers.
 How weak in arms did civil discord shew !
 Like Saul, she struck with fury at her foe,
 When an immortal hand did ward the blow. }
 Her offspring, made the royal hero's scorn,
 Like sons of earth, all fell as soon as born :
 Yet let us boast, for sure it is our pride,
 When with their blood our neighbour lands were dy'd,
 Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,
 Her people guiltless, and her fields unstain'd.

ON THE
 DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I.
 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 Shall the whole world in ashes lay,

As David and the Sibyls say.

II. What

II.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

III.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

IV.

Nature and Death shall, with surprize,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

V.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

VI.

The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

VII.

O then! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable king,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

IX. Forget

IX. IVX

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

X. XVII

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

XI. XVIII

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting-day.

XII. XIX

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep: Accept my tears.

XIII. XX

Thou who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

XIV. XXI

Reject not my unworthy prayer,
Preserve me from that dangerous snare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

XV. XXII

Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race;
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

XVI. From

XVI.

From that insatiable abyfs,
Where flames devour, and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy feat of blifs.

XVII.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forsake me in my end.

XVIII.

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death;
Thou great Creator of Mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find!

P R O L O G U E

T O

P O M P E Y, A T R A G E D Y,

Translated by Mrs. CATH. PHILIPS,

From the French of Monsieur CORNEILLE,

And acted at the Theatre in Dublin.

THE mighty rivals, whose destructive rage
Did the whole world in civil arms engage,
Are now agreed; and make it both their choice,
To have their fates determin'd by your voice.
Cæsar from none but you will have his doom,
He hates th' obsequious flatteries of Rome:
He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the world beside.

When

When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile,
Had stain'd with blood, Peace flourish'd in this isle;
And you alone may boast, you never saw
Cæsar till now, and now can give him law.

Great Pompey too, comes as a suppliant here,
But says he cannot now begin to fear:
He knows your equal justice, and (to tell
A Roman truth) he knows himself too well.
Success, 'tis true, waited on Cæsar's side,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he died.
His fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his condition, but not Cato's mind.
Then of what doubt can Pompey's cause admit,
Since here so many Cato's judging sit.

But you, bright nymphs, give Cæsar leave to woo,
The greatest wonder of the world, but you;
And hear a Muse, who has that hero taught
To speak as generously as e'er he fought;
Whose eloquence from such a theme deters
All tongues but English, and all pens but hers.
By the just Fates your sex is doubly blest,
You conquer'd Cæsar, and you praise him best.

And you (* illustrious Sir) receive as due,
A present destiny preserv'd for you.
Rome, France, and England, join their forces here,
To make a poem worthy of your ear.
Accept it then, and on that Pompey's brow,
Who gave so many crowns, bestow one now.

* To the Lord Lieutenant.

R O S S ' S G H O S T .

SHAME of my life, disturber of my tomb,
 Base as thy mother's prostituted womb;
 Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,
 To knaves a fool, to credulous fools a knave,
 The king's betrayer, and the people's slave.
 Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call,
 I rise, to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul.
 I strove in vain th' infected blood to cure;
 Streams will run muddy where the spring's impure.
 In all your meritorious life, we see
 Old Taaf's invincible sobriety.
 Places of Master of the Horse, and Spy,
 You (like Tom Howard) did at once supply:
 From Sidney's blood your loyalty did spring,
 You shew us all your parents, but the king,
 From whose too tender and too bounteous arms
 (Unhappy he who such a viper warms!
 As dutiful a subject as a son!)
 To your true parent, the whole town, you run.
 Read, if you can, how th' old apostate fell,
 Out-do his pride, and merit more than hell:
 Both he and you were glorious and bright,
 The first and fairest of the sons of light:
 But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,
 Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

THE

THE SIXTH ODE
OF THE
THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

Of the Corruption of the Times.

THOSE ills your ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair
The falling temples which the gods provoke,
And statues fully'd yet with sacrilegious smoke.

Propitious heaven, that rais'd your fathers high,
For humble, grateful piety,
(As it rewarded their respect)
Hath sharply punish'd your neglect;
All empires on the gods depend,
Begun by their command, at their command they end.

Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell,
How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,
And, with unsulking pride,
Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride.

The Scythian and Ægyptian scum
Had almost ruin'd Rome,
While our seditions took their part,
Fill'd each Ægyptian sail, and wing'd each Scythian dart.
First,

First, those flagitious times
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)
Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,
From which polluted head
Infectious streams of crowding sins began,
And through the spurious breed and guilty nation ran.

Behold a ripe and melting maid,
Bound prentice to the wanton trade;
Ionian artists, at a mighty price,
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice;
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,
And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.

Marry'd, their lessons she improves
By practice of adulterous loves,
And scorns the common mean design
To take advantage of her husband's wine,
Or snatch, in some dark place,
A hasty illegitimate embrace.

No! the brib'd husband knows of all,
And bids her rise when lovers call;
Hither a merchant from the straits,
Grown wealthy by forbidden freights,
Or city cannibal, repairs,
Who feeds upon the flesh of heirs;
Convenient brutes, whose tributary flame
Pays the full price of lust, and gilds the slighted shame.

'Twas

'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with Punick blood the conquer'd seas,
And quash'd the stern Æacides ;
Made the proud Asian monarch feel
How weak his gold was against Europe's steel,
Forc'd even dire Hannibal to yield ;
And won the long-disputed world at Zama's fatal field.

But soldiers of a rustic mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold.
Either they dug the stubborn ground,
Or through hewn woods their weighty strokes did found,
And after the declining sun
Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was done,
Home with their weary team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the day.

Time sensibly all things impairs ;
Our fathers have been worse than theirs ;
And we than ours ; next age will see
A race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

Translation of the following Verse from LUCAN.

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed Victa Catoni.

THE gods were pleas'd to chuse the conquering side,
But Cato thought he conquer'd when he dy'd.

H O R A C E ' S

A R T O F P O E T R Y *.

“Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium & fons.”

I HAVE seldom known a trick succeed, and will put none upon the reader; but tell him plainly that I think it could never be more seasonable than now to lay down such rules, as, if they be observed, will make men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly: but Horace must be read seriously or not at all, for else the reader won't be the better for him, and I shall have lost my labour. I have kept as close as I could, both to the meaning and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive; and I have often asked myself that question. I know this is a field,

“Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit Alumnus.”

But with all the respect due to the name of Ben Jonson, to which no man pays more veneration than I; it cannot be denied, that the constraint of rhyme, and a literal translation (to which Horace in this book declares himself an enemy), has made him want a comment in many places.

* Printed from Dr. Rawlinson's copy, corrected by the Earl of Roscommon's own hand.

My

My chief care has been to write intelligibly ; and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the critics; but, if I durst, I would beg them to remember, that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that, in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteemed were the best natured.

IF in a picture (Piso) you should see
 A handsome woman with a fishes tail,
 Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
 Or limbs of beasts of the most different kinds,
 Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds,
 Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad ?
 Trust me, that book is as ridiculous,
 Whose incoherent style (like sick men's dreams)
 Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
 Painters and Poets have been still allow'd
 Their pencils, and their fancies unconfin'd.
 This privilege we freely give and take ;
 But Nature, and the common laws of sense,
 Forbid to reconcile Antipathies,
 Or make a snake engender with a dove,
 And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.

Some, that at first have promis'd mighty things,
 Applaud themselves, when a few florid lines

Shine through th' insipid dulness of the rest;
 Here they describe a temple, or a wood,
 Or streams that through delightful meadows run,
 And there the rainbow, or the rapid Rhine;
 But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,
 And are as much to seek in other things,
 As he that only can design a tree,
 Would be to draw a shipwreck or a storm.
 When you begin with so much pomp and show,
 Why is the end so little and so low?
 Be what you will, so you be still the same.

Most poets fall into the grossest faults,
 Deluded by a seeming excellence:
 By striving to be short, they grow obscure,
 And when they would write smoothly, they want strength,
 Their sprits sink; while others, that affect
 A lofty style, swell to a tympany;
 Some timorous wretches start at every blast,
 And, fearing tempests, dare not leave the shore;
 Others, in love with wild variety,
 Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood;
 Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of skill,
 Is a most certain way of erring still.

The meanest workman in th' Æmilian square,
 May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
 But cannot finish what he hath begun;
 What can be more ridiculous than he?
 For one or two good features in a face,
 Where all the rest are scandalously ill,
 Make it but more remarkably deform'd.

Let poets match their subject to their strength,
And often try what weight they can support,
And what their shoulders are too weak to bear.
After a serious and judicious choice,
Method and eloquence will never fail.

As well the force as ornament of verse
Consist in choosing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a Muse may be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.

Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with skill :
You gain your point, when by the noble art
Of good connexion, an unusual word
Is made at first familiar to our ear.
But if you write of things abstruse or new,
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
So it be seldom and discreetly done :
But he that hopes to have new words allow'd,
Must so derive them from the Grecian spring,
As they may seem to flow without constraint.
Can an impartial reader discommend
In Varius, or in Virgil, what he likes
In Plautus or Cæcilius ? Why should I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,
When Ennius and Cato's copious style
Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our tongue ?
Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new words well suited to the age.
Words are like leaves, some wither every year,
And every year a younger race succeeds.
Death is a tribute all things owe to fate ;

The Lucrine mole (Cæsar's stupendous work)
 Protects our navies from the raging north;
 And (since Cethegus drain'd the Pontine lake)
 We plow and reap where former ages row'd.
 See how the Tiber (whose licentious waves
 So often overflow'd the neighbouring fields)
 Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course,
 Confin'd by our great Emperor's command:
 Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot;
 Why then should words challenge eternity,
 When greatest men and greatest actions die?
 Use may revive the obsoletest words,
 And banish those that now are most in vogue;
 Use is the judge, the law, and rule of speech.

Homer first taught the world in epick verse
 To write of great commanders, and of kings.

Elegies were at first design'd for grief,
 Though now we use them to express our joy:
 But to whose Muse we owe that sort of verse,
 Is undecided by the men of skill.

Rage with Iambicks arm'd Archilochus,
 Numbers for dialogue and action fit,
 And favourites of the Dramatic Muse.
 Fierce, lofty, rapid, whose commanding sound
 Awes the tumultuous noises of the pit,
 And whose peculiar province is the stage.

Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns,
 Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,
 Are proper subjects for the Lyric song.

Why is he honour'd with a poet's name,

Who

Who neither knows nor would observe a rule;
And chooses to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his ignorance, and learn?
Let every thing have its due place and time.

A comic subject loves an humble verse,
Thyestes scorns a low and comic style.
Yet comedy sometimes may raise her voice,
And Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail:
Tragedians too lay by their state too grieve;
Peleus and Telephus exil'd and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.
He that would have spectators share his grief,
Must write not only well, but movingly,
And raise men's passions to what height he will.
We weep and laugh, as we see others do:
He only makes me sad who shews the way,
And first is sad himself; then, Telephus,
I feel the weight of your calamities,
And fancy all your miseries my own:
But, if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh;
Your looks must alter, as your subject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe:
For nature forms, and softens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face.
Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul,
And these are all interpreted by speech;
But he whose words and fortunes disagree,
Absurd, unpity'd, grows a public jest.
Observe the characters of those that speak,

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Whether an honest servant, or a cheat,
Or one whose blood boils in his youthful veins,
Or a grave matron, or a busy nurse,
Extorting merchants, careful husbandmen,
Argives or Thebans, Afians or Greeks.

Follow report, or feign coherent things;
Describe Achilles, as Achilles was,
Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all judges, and all law but arms;
Medea must be all revenge and blood,
Ino all tears, Ixion all deceit,
Io must wander, and Orestes mourn.

If your bold Muse dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new characters upon the stage,
Be sure you keep them up to their first height.
New subjects are not easily explain'd,
And you had better choose a well-known theme,
Than trust to an invention of your own:
For what originally others writ,
May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,
That with some justice it may pass for yours;
But then you must not copy trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully translate,
Nor (as some servile imitators do)
Prescribe at first such strict uneasy rules,
As you must ever slavishly observe,
Or all the laws of decency renounce.

Begin not as th' old poetaster did,
"Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate, I sing."

In

In what will all this ostentation end?

The labouring mountain scarce brings forth a mouse :

How far is this from the Mæonian stile?

" Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of Troy,

" So many towns, such change of manners saw."

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke,

The other out of smoke brings glorious light,

And (without raising expectation high)

Surprizes us with daring miracles,

The bloody Lestrygons, Charybdis' gulph,

And frightened Greeks, who near the Ætna shore,

Hear Scylla bark, and Polyphemus roar.

He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs,

When he begins to write the Trojan war ;

Nor, writing the return of Diomed,

Go back as far as Meleager's death :

Nothing is idle, each judicious line

Insensibly acquaints us with the plot ;

He chooses only what he can improve,

And truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd

That all seems uniform, and of a piece.

Now hear what every auditor expects ;

If you intend that he should stay to hear

The epilogue, and see the curtain fall ;

Mind how our tempers alter in our years,

And by that rule form all your characters.

One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,

Loves childish plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,

And changes every hour his wavering mind.

A youth that first casts off his tutor's yoke,

Loves

Loves horses, hounds, and sports, and exercise,
 Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
 Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
 Gain and ambition rule our riper years,
 And make us slaves to interest and power.
 Old men are only walking hospitals,
 Where all defects and all diseases croud
 With restless pain, and more tormenting fear,
 Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,
 Oppress'd with riches which they dare not use;
 Ill-natur'd censors of the present age,
 And fond of all the follies of the past.
 Thus all the treasure of our flowing years,
 Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
 Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men,
 Nor men the weak anxieties of age.

Some things are acted, others only told;
 But what we hear moves less than what we see;
 Spectators only have their eyes to trust,
 But auditors must trust their ears and you;
 Yet there are things improper for a scene,
 Which men of judgment only will relate.
 Medea must not draw her murdering knife,
 And spill her childrens blood upon the stage,
 Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare.
 Cadmus and Progné's metamorphosis,
 (She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake)
 And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
 I hate to see, and never can believe.

But

Five acts are the just measure of a play.

Never presume to make a God appear,
But for a business worthy of a God;
And in one scene no more than three should speak.

A chorus should supply what action wants,
And hath a generous and manly part;
Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honesty,
And strict observance of impartial laws,
Sobriety, security, and peace,
And begs the Gods who guide blind fortune's wheel,
To raise the wretched, and pull down the proud.
But nothing must be sung between the acts,
But what some way conduces to the plot.

First the shrill sound of a small rural pipe
(Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was entertainment for the infant stage,
And pleas'd the thin and bashful audience
Of our well-meaning, frugal ancestors.
But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd,
And men (grown wanton by prosperity)
Study'd new arts of luxury and ease,
The verse, the music, and the scene, 's improv'd;
For how should ignorance be judge of wit,
Or men of sense applaud the jests of fools?
Then came rich cloaths and graceful action in,
Then instruments were taught more moving notes,
And eloquence with all her pomp and charms
Foretold us useful and sententious truths,
As those deliver'd by the Delphic God.

The first tragedians found that serious style
Too grave for their uncultivated age,

And

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And so brought wild and naked satyrs in,
 Whose motion, words, and shape, were all a farce,
 (As oft as decency would give them leave)
 Because the mad ungovernable rout,
 Full of confusion, and the fumes of wine,
 Lov'd such variety and antic tricks.
 But then they did not wrong themselves so much
 To make a god, a hero, or a king,
 (Stript of his golden crown and purple robe)
 Descend to a mechanic dialect,
 Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high
 With empty sound and airy notions fly;
 For tragedy should blush as much to stoop
 To the low mimic follies of a farce,
 As a grave matron would to dance with girls:
 You must not think that a satiric style
 Allows of scandalous and brutish words,
 Or the confounding of your characters.
 Begin with Truth, then give Invention scope,
 And if your style be natural and smooth,
 All men will try, and hope to write as well;
 And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
 So much good method and connexion may
 Improve the common and the plainest things.
 A satyr that comes staring from the woods,
 Must not at first speak like an orator:
 But, though his language should not be refin'd,
 It must not be obscene and impudent;
 The better sort abhors scurrility,
 And often censures what the rabble likes.

Unpolish'd

Unpolish'd verses pass with many men,
 And Rome is too indulgent in that point;
 But then to write at a loose rambling rate,
 In hope the world will wink at all our faults,
 Is such a rash ill-grounded confidence,
 As men may pardon, but will never praise.
 Be perfect in the Greek originals,
 Read them by day, and think of them by night.
 But Plautus was admir'd in former time
 With too much patience (not to call it worse):
 His harsh, unequal verse was music then,
 And rudeness had the privilege of wit.

When Thespis first expos'd the Tragic Muse,
 Rude were the actors, and a cart the scene,
 Where ghastly faces stain'd with lees of wine
 Frighted the children, and amus'd the croud;
 This Æschylus (with indignation) saw,
 And built a stage, found out a decent dress,
 Brought vizards in (a civiler disguise),
 And taught men how to speak and how to act.
 Next Comedy appear'd with great applause,
 Till her licentious and abusive tongue
 Waken'd the magistrates coercive power,
 And forc'd it to suppress her insolence.

Our writers have attempted every way;
 And they deserve our praise, whose daring Muse
 Disdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
 And found fit subjects for her verse at home.
 Nor should we be less famous for our wit,
 Than for the force of our victorious arms;

But

But that the time and care that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and polish well,
Fright poets from that necessary toil.

Democritus was so in love with wit,
And some men's natural impulse to write,
That he despis'd the help of art and rules,
And thought none poets till their brains were crackt;
And this hath so intoxicated some,
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They cleanliness and company renounce
For lunacy beyond the cure of art,
With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,
Pass current for Apollo's livery.

O my unhappy stars! if in the Spring
Some physic had not cur'd me of the spleen,
None would have writ with more success than I;
But I must rest contented as I am,
And only serve to whet that wit in you,
To which I willingly resign my claim.
Yet without writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is;
Wherein his wealth and ornaments consist,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well;
And when Philosophy directs your choice
To proper subjects rightly understood,
Words from your pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper characters,
Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,

And

And what we owe our country, parents, friends,
 How judges and how senators should act,
 And what becomes a general to do;
 Those are the likest copies, which are drawn
 By the original of human life.
 Sometimes in rough and undigested plays
 We meet with such a lucky character,
 As, being humour'd right, and well pursued,
 Succeeds much better than the shallow verse
 And chiming trifles of more studious pens.

Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,
 For her ambition and her end was fame.
 Our Roman youth is diligently taught
 The deep mysterious art of growing rich,
 And the first words that children learn to speak
 Are of the value of the names of coin;
 Can a penurious wretch, that with his milk
 Hath suck'd the basest dregs of usury,
 Pretend to generous and heroic thoughts?
 Can rust and avarice write lasting lines?
 But you, brave youth, wise Numæ's worthy heir,
 Remember of what weight your judgment is,
 And never venture to commend a book,
 That has not pass'd all judges and all tests.

A poet should instruct, or please, or both:
 Let all your precepts be succinct and clear,
 That ready wits may comprehend them soon,
 And faithful memories retain them long;
 All superfluities are soon forgot.
 Never be so conceited of your parts,

To

To think you may persuade us what you please,
 Or venture to bring in a child alive,
 That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd.
 Old age explodes all but morality;
 Austerity offends aspiring youths;
 But he that joins instruction with delight,
 Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes:
 These are the volumes that enrich the shops,
 These pass with admiration through the world,
 And bring their author to eternal fame.

Be not too rigidly censorious,
 A string may jar in the best master's hand,
 And the most skilful archer miss his aim;
 But in a poem elegantly writ,
 I would not quarrel with a slight mistake,
 Such as our nature's frailty may excuse;
 But he that hath been often told his fault,
 And still persists, is as impertinent
 As a musician that will always play,
 And yet is always out at the same note:
 When such a positive abandon'd scep
 (Among his numerous absurdities)
 Stumbles upon some tolerable line,
 I fret to see them in such company,
 And wonder by what magic they came there.
 But in long works sleep will sometimes surprise;
 Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.

Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,
 Some better at a distance, others near,
 Some love the dark, some choose the clearest light,

And

And boldly challenge the most piercing eye,
 Some please for once, some will for ever please.
 But, Piso, (though your knowledge of the world,
 Join'd with your father's precepts, make you wise)
 Remember this as an important truth:
 Some things admit of mediocrity,
 A counsellor, or pleader at the bar,
 May want Messala's powerful eloquence,
 Or be less read than deep Cascellius;
 Yet this indifferent lawyer is esteem'd;
 But no authority of gods nor men
 Allow of any mean in poesy.
 As an ill concert, and a coarse perfume,
 Disgrace the delicacy of a feast,
 And might with more discretion have been spar'd;
 So poesy, whose end is to delight,
 Admits of no degrees, but must be still
 Sublimely good, or despicably ill.
 In other things men have some reason left,
 And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run;
 Despairing of success, forbears to try;
 But all (without consideration) write;
 Some thinking that th' omnipotence of wealth
 Can turn them into poets when they please.
 But, Piso, you are of too quick a sight
 Not to discern which way your talent lies,
 Or vainly with your genius to contend;
 Yet if it ever be your fate to write,
 Let your productions pass the strictest hands,
 Mine and your father's, and not see the light

Till time and care have ripen'd every line,
 What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
 But words once spoke can never be recall'd.

Orpheus, inspir'd by more than human power,
 Did not, as poets feign, tame savage beasts,
 But men as lawless and as wild as they,
 And first dissuaded them from rage and blood;
 Thus, when Amphion built the Theban wall,
 They feign'd the stones obey'd his magic lute;
 Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
 Brought all things to their proper, native use;
 Some they appropriated to the gods,
 And some to public, some to private ends:
 Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd,
 Cities were built, and useful laws were made;
 So great was the divinity of verse,
 And such observance to a poet paid.
 Then Homer's and Tyrtæus' martial Muse
 Waken'd the world, and sounded loud alarms.
 To verse we owe the sacred oracles,
 And our best precepts of morality;
 Some have by verse obtain'd the love of kings,
 (Who, with the Muses, ease their weary'd minds)
 Then blush not, noble Piso, to protect
 What gods inspire, and kings delight to hear,
 Some think that poets may be form'd by art,
 Others maintain that Nature makes them so;
 I neither see what art without a vein,
 Nor wit without the help of art can do,
 But mutually they crave each other's aid.

He

He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize
Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold,
Take leave of wine, and the soft joys of love;
And no musician dares pretend to skill,
Without a great expence of time and pains;
But every little busy scribbler now
Swells with the praises which he gives himself;
And, taking sanctuary in the crowd,
Braggs of his impudence, and scorns to mend.
A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire
A flattering audience, than poor tradesmen do
To persuade customers to buy their goods.
'Tis hard to find a man of great estate,
That can distinguish flatterers from friends.
Never delude yourself, nor read your book
Before a brib'd and fawning auditor,
For he 'll commend and feign an extasy,
Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please:
True friends appear less mov'd than counterfeit;
As men that truly grieve at funerals,
Are not so loud as those that cry for hire.
Wise were the kings, who never chose a friend,
Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts;
You cannot arm yourself with too much care
Against the smiles of a designing knave.

Quintilius (if his advice were ask'd)
Would freely tell you what you should correct,
Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
And with more care supply the vacancy;

He

But if he found you fond and obstinate
 (And apter to defend than mend your faults),
 With silence leave you to admire yourself,
 And without rival hug your darling book.
 The prudent care of an impartial friend
 Will give you notice of each idle line,
 Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants ornament,
 Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;
 Make you explain all that he finds obscure,
 And with a strict enquiry mark your faults;
 Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love :
 Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
 Will be of a most serious consequence,
 When they have made you once ridiculous.

A poetaster, in his raging fit,
 (Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys)
 Is dreaded and proscrib'd by men of sense;
 They make a lane for the polluted thing,
 And fly as from th' infection of the plague,
 Or from a man whom, for a just revenge,
 Fanatic phrenzy sent by heaven pursues.
 If (in the raving of a frantic Muse)
 And minding more his verses than his way,
 Any of these should drop into a well,
 Though he might burst his lungs to call for help,
 No creature would assist or pity him,
 But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
 Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd;
 Empedocles, mad to be thought a god,
 In a cold fit leap'd into *Ætna's* flames.

Give

Give poets leave to make themselves away,
 Why should it be a greater sin to kill,
 Than to keep men alive against their will?
 Nor was this chance, but a deliberate choice;
 For if Empedocles were now reviv'd,
 He would be at his frolic once again,
 And his pretensions to divinity:
 'Tis hard to say whether for sacrilege,
 Or incest, or some more unheard-of crime,
 The rhyming fiend is sent into these men;
 But they are all most visibly possess'd,
 And, like a baited bear when he breaks loose,
 Without distinction seize on all they meet;
 None ever escap'd that came within their reach,
 Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood,
 Without remorse insatiably they read,
 And never leave till they have read men dead.

* * Lord ROSCOMMON's verses on the "Religio"
 "Laici" are printed in the first volume of
 DRYDEN's Poems.

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P O E M S

P O E M S

BY THE

EARL OF ROCHESTER.



Perjur'd swain, I know the time
When dissembling was your art,
In my dear country that art
Which erst betray'd, to sell the heart
Whence can such poison flow?
Now shouldst thou sell with pain

ST. N. T. N. O. 2
AMOUNT 2.000.000.000

BY THE
P. O. E. M. S.



EARL ESTER.

P O E M S

BY THE

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

A DIALOGUE.

STREPHON.

PR'YTHEE now, fond fool, give o'er;
Since my heart is gone before,
To what purpose should I stay?
Love commands another way.

DAPHNE.

Perjur'd swain, I knew the time
When dissembling was your crime,
In pity now employ that art,
Which first betray'd, to ease my heart.

STREPHON.

Women can with pleasure feign:
Men dissemble still with pain.

What

What advantage will it prove,
If I lye, who cannot love?

DAPHNE.

Tell me then the reason, why
Love from hearts in love does fly?
Why the bird will build a nest,
Where she ne'er intends to rest?

STREPHON.

Love, like other little boys,
Cries for hearts, as they for toys:
Which when gain'd, in childish play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

DAPHNE.

Still on wing, or on his knees,
Love does nothing by degrees:
Bafely flying when most priz'd,
Meanly fawning when despis'd.
Flattering or insulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his joys are fleeting dreams,
All his woes severe extremes.

STREPHON.

Nymph, unjustly you inveigh:
Love, like us, must Fate obey.
Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
Constancy alone is strange.
See the heavens in lightnings break,
Next in storms of thunder speak;
Till a kind rain from above
Makes a calm—so 'tis in love.

Flames

Flames begin our first address,
Like meeting thunder we embrace:
Then, you know, the showers that fall
Quench the fire, and quiet all.

DAPHNE.

How should I the showers forget?
'Twas so pleasant to be wet!
They kill'd love, I knew it well.
I dy'd all the while they fell.
Say at least what nymph it is,
Robs my breast of so much bliss?
If she's fair, I shall be eas'd,
Through my ruin you'll be pleas'd.

STREPHON.

Daphne never was so fair,
Strephon, scarcely, so sincere.
'Gentle, innocent, and free,
Ever pleas'd with only me.
Many charms my heart enthrall,
But there's one above them all:
With aversion, she does fly
Tedious, trading, constancy.

DAPHNE.

Cruel shepherd! I submit,
Do what love and you think fit:
Change is fate, and not design.
Say you would have still been mine,

STREPHON.

Nymph, I cannot: 'tis too true,
Change has greater charms than you.

Be,

Be, by my example, wise;
Faith to pleasure sacrifice.

DAPHNE.

Silly swain, I'll have you know,
'Twas my practice long ago :
Whilst you vainly thought me true,
I was false, in scorn of you.
By my tears, my heart's disguise,
I thy love and thee despise.
Womankind more joy discovers
Making fools, than keeping lovers.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXIS AND STREPHON.

Written at the Bath in the Year 1674.

ALEXIS.

THERE sighs not on the plain,
So lost a swain as I;
Scorch'd up with love, froze with disdain;
Of killing sweetness I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis Corinna, die.
Since first my dazzled eyes were thrown
On that bewitching face,
Like ruin'd birds robb'd of their young,
Lamenting,

Lamenting, frightened, and undone,
 I fly from place to place.
 Fram'd by some cruel powers above,
 So nice she is, and fair;
 None from undoing can remove
 Since all, who are not blind, must love;
 Who are not vain, despair.

ALEXIS.

The gods no sooner give a grace,
 But, fond of their own art,
 Severely jealous, ever place,
 To guard the glories of a face,
 A dragon in the heart.
 Proud and ill-natur'd powers they are,
 Who, peevish to mankind,
 For their own honour's sake, with care
 Make a sweet form divinely fair:
 Then add a cruel mind.

STREPHON.

Since she 's insensible of love,
 By honour taught to hate;
 If we, forc'd by decrees above,
 Must sensible to beauty prove,
 How tyrannous is Fate!

I to the nymph have never nam'd
 The cause of all my pain.

ALEXIS.

Such bashfulness may well be blam'd;
 For, since to serve we're not ashamed,
 Why should she blush to reign?

STREPHON.

STREPHON.

But, if her haughty heart despise

My humble proffer'd one,

The just compassion she denies,

I may obtain from others' eyes;

Hers are not fair alone.

Devouring flames require new food;

My heart's consum'd almost:

New fires must kindle in her blood,

Or mine go out, and that's as good.

ALEXIS.

Would'st live when love is lost?

Be dead before thy passion dies;

For if thou should'st survive,

What anguish would thy heart surprize,

To see her flames begin to rise,

And thine no more alive?

STREPHON.

Rather what pleasure should I meet

In my triumphant scorn,

To see my tyrant at my feet;

While, taught by her, unmov'd I sit

A tyrant in my turn.

ALEXIS.

Ungentle shepherd! cease, for shame,

Which way can you pretend

To merit so divine a flame,

Who to dull life make a mean claim,

When love is at an end?

As

As trees are by their bark embrac'd,
 Love to my soul doth cling;
 When torn by the herd's greedy taste,
 The injur'd plants feel they're defac'd,
 They wither in the spring.
 My rified love would soon retire,
 Dissolving into air,
 Should I that nymph cease to admire,
 Bless'd in whose arms I will expire,
 Or at her feet despair.

THE ADVICE.

ALL things submit themselves to your command,
 Fair Cælia, when it does not love withstand:
 The power it borrows from your eyes alone;
 All but the god must yield to, who has none.
 Were he not blind, such are the charms you have,
 He'd quit his godhead to become your slave:
 Be proud to act a mortal hero's part,
 And throw himself for fame on his own dart.
 But fate has otherwise dispos'd of things,
 In different bands subjected slaves and kings:
 Fetter'd in forms of royal state are they,
 While we enjoy the freedom to obey.
 That fate, like you, resistless does ordain
 To Love, that over Beauty he shall reign.
 By harmony the universe does move,
 And what is harmony but mutual love?

Who

Who would resist an empire so divine,
Which universal nature does enjoin?
See gentle brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kissing the rugged banks on either side;
While in their crystal streams at once they show,
And with them feed the flowers which they bestow:
Though rudely throng'd by a too near embrace,
In gentle murmurs they keep on their pace
To the lov'd sea; for streams have their desires;
Cool as they are, they feel love's powerful fires,
And with such passion, that if any force
Stop or molest them in their amorous course,
They swell, break down with rage, and ravage o'er
The banks they kiss'd, and flowers they fed before.
Submit then, Cælia, ere you be reduc'd,
For rebels, vanquish'd once, are vilely us'd.
Beauty's no more but the dead soil, which Love
Manures, and does by wise commerce improve:
Sailing by sighs, through seas of tears, he sends
Courtships from foreign hearts, for your own ends:
Cherish the trade, for as with Indians we
Get gold and jewels, for our trumpery,
So to each other, for their useless toys,
Lovers afford whole magazines of joys.
But, if you're fond of baubles, be, and starve,
Your gewgaw reputation still preserve:
Live upon modesty and empty fame,
Foregoing sense for a fantastic name.

THE DISCOVERY.

CÆLIA, that faithful servant you disown,
 Would in obedience keep his love his own:
 But bright ideas, such as you inspire,
 We can no more conceal than not admire.
 My heart at home in my own breast did dwell,
 Like humble hermit in a peaceful cell;
 Unknown and undisturb'd it rested there,
 Stranger alike to Hope and to Despair.
 Now Love with a tumultuous train invades
 The sacred quiet of those hallow'd shades;
 His fatal flames shine out to every eye,
 Like blazing comets in a winter sky.
 How can my passion merit your offence,
 That challenges so little recompence?
 For I am one born only to admire,
 Too humble e'er to hope, scarce to desire.
 A thing, whose bliss depends upon your will,
 Who would be proud you'd deign to use him ill.
 Then give me leave to glory in my chain,
 My fruitless sighs, and my unpity'd pain.
 Let me but ever love, and ever be
 Th' example of your power and cruelty.
 Since so much scorn does in your breast reside,
 Be more indulgent to its mother Pride.
 Kill all you strike, and trample on their graves;
 But own the fates of your neglected slaves:

U

When

When in the crowd yours undistinguish'd lies,
 You give away the triumph of your eyes.
 Perhaps (obtaining this) you'll think I find
 More mercy, than your anger has design'd:
 But Love has carefully design'd for me,
 The last perfection of misery.
 For to my state the hopes of common peace,
 Which every wretch enjoys in death, must cease,
 My worst of fates attend me in my grave,
 Since, dying, I must be no more your slave.

W O M A N ' S H O N O U R .

A S O N G .

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd;
 Phillis continued still unkind:
 Then you may e'en despair, he said,
 In vain I strive to change her mind.

II.
 Honour's got in, and keeps her heart,
 Durst he but venture once abroad,
 In my own right I'd take your part,
 And shew myself a mightier god.

III.
 This huffing Honour domineers
 In breasts, where he alone has place:
 But if true generous Love appears,
 The hector dares not shew his face.

IV. Let

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IV.

Let me still languish and complain,

Be most inhumanly deny'd :

I have some pleasure in my pain,

She can have none with all her pride.

V.

I fall a sacrifice to Love,

She lives a wretch for Honour's sake.

Whose tyrant does most cruel prove,

The difference is not hard to make.

VI.

Consider Real Honour then,

You'll find hers cannot be the same ;

'Tis noble confidence in men,

In women mean mistrustful shame.

GRECIAN KINDNESS.

A S O N G.

I.

THE utmost grace the Greeks could shew,

When to the Trojans they grew kind,

Was with their arms to let them go,

And leave their lingering wives behind.

They beat the men, and burnt the town ;

Then all the baggage was their own.

II.

There the kind deity of wine

Kiss'd the soft wanton god of love ;

This clapp'd his wings, that press'd his vine;
 And their best powers united move.
 While each brave Greek embrac'd his punk,
 Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

THE MISTRESS.

A S O N G.

I.

AN age, in her embraces past,
 Would seem a winter's day;
 Where life and light, with envious haste,
 Are torn and snatch'd away.

II.

But, oh! how slowly minutes roll,
 When absent from her eyes;
 That fed my love, which is my soul,
 It languishes and dies.

III.

For then, no more a soul but shade,
 It mournfully does move;
 And haunts my breast, by absence made
 The living tomb of love.

IV.

You wiser men despise me not;
 Whose love-sick fancy raves,
 On shades of souls, and heaven knows what;
 Short ages live in graves.

V. Whene'er

V.

Whene'er those wounding eyes, so full
Of sweetness you did see,
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

VI.

Nor censure us, you who perceive
My best-belov'd and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
You think we disagree.

VII.

Alas ! 'tis sacred jealousy,
Love rais'd to an extreme ;
The only proof, 'twixt them and me,
We love, and do not dream.

VIII.

Fantastic fancies fondly move,
And in frail joys believe :
Taking false pleasure for true love ;
But pain can ne'er deceive.

IX.

Kind jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
And anxious cares, when past,
Prove our heart's treasure fix'd and dear,
And make us blest'd at last.

U 3

A SONG.

A S O N G.

I.

ABSENT from thee I languish still ;
 Then ask me not, When I return ?
 The straying fool 't will plainly kill,
 To wish all day, all night to mourn.

II.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
 That my fantastic mind may prove
 The torments it deserves to try,
 That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

III.

When wearied with a world of woe
 To thy safe bosom I retire,
 Where love, and peace, and truth, does flow,
 May I contented there expire !

IV.

Left, once more wandering from that heaven,
 I fall on some base heart unblest ;
 Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
 And lose my everlasting rest.

A S O N G.

I.

PHILLIS, be gentler, I advise,
 Make up for time mis-spent,
 When beauty on its death-bed lies,
 'Tis high time to repent.

II. Such

II. III

Such is the malice of your fate,
That makes you old so soon;
Your pleasure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

III.

Think what a wretched thing is she,
Whose stars contrive, in spight,
The morning of her love should be
Her fading beauty's night.

IV.

Then if, to make your ruin more,
You'll peevishly be coy,
Die with the scandal of a whore,
And never know the joy.

TO CORINNA.

A S O N G.

I.

WHAT cruel pains Corinna takes,
To force that harmless frown;
When not one charm her face forsakes.
Love cannot lose his own.

II.

So sweet a face, so soft a heart,
Such eyes so very kind,
Betray, alas! the silly art
Virtue had ill design'd.

III. II

Poor feeble tyrant ! who in vain
 Would proudly take upon her,
 Against kind Nature to maintain
 Affected rules of honour.

IV.

The scorn she bears so helpless proves,
 When I plead passion to her,
 That much she fears (but more she loves)
 Her vassal should undo her.

LOVE AND LIFE.

A S O N G.

I. CORO.

ALL my past life is mine no more,
 The flying hours are gone:
 Like transitory dreams given o'er,
 Whose images are kept in store
 By memory alone.

II.

The time that is to come is not;
 How can it then be mine?
 The present moment 's all my lot;
 And that, as fast as it is got,
 Phillis, is only thine.

III. Then

III.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

A S O N G.

I.

WHILE on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a blest'd amaze,
His pleasing happy ruin;
'Tis not for pity that I move;
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

II.

But if this murder you 'd forego,
Your slave from death removing;
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But, whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

A S O N G.

A S O N G.

I.

TO this moment a rebel, I throw down my arms,
Great Love, at first sight of Olinda's bright charms:
Made proud and secure by such forces as these,
You may now play the tyrant as soon as you please.

II.

When innocence, beauty, and wit, do conspire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire;
Why should I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleasing hope by base fear be destroy'd?

III.

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her beauty's inclin'd, or why should it pursue me?
And wit has to pleasure been ever a friend;
Then what room for despair, since delight is Love's end?

IV.

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,
Where love is secur'd by good-nature and truth.
On her beauty I'll gaze, and of pleasure complain;
While every kind look adds a link to my chain.

V.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize,
But her wit leads in triumph the slave of her eyes:
I beheld, with the loss of my freedom before;
But, hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

VI. Too

VI.

Too bright is my goddess, her temple too weak :
Retire, divine image! I feel my heart break.
Help, Love; I dissolve in a rapture of charms,
At the thought of those joys I should meet in her arms.

UPON HIS LEAVING HIS MISTRESS.

I.

TIS not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone :
But with what face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine :
You, whom some kinder power did fashion,
By merit, and by inclination,
The joy at least of a whole nation?

II.

Let meaner spirits of your sex,
With humble aims their thoughts perplex :
And boast, if, by their arts, they can
Contrive to make one happy man.
While, mov'd by an impartial sense,
Favours, like Nature, you dispense,
With universal influence.

UPON

U P O N

DRINKING IN A BOWL.

I.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
 As Nestor us'd of old;
 Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
 Damask it round with gold.

II.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
 Up to the swelling brim,
 Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
 Like ships at sea, may swim.

III.

Engrave not battle on his cheek;
 With war I've nought to do;
 I'm none of those that took Mæstrick,
 Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

IV.

Let it no name of planets tell,
 Fix'd stars, or constellations:
 For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
 Nor none of his relations.

V.

But carve thereon a spreading vine;
 Then add two lovely boys;
 Their limbs in amorous folds intwine,
 The type of future joys.

VI. Cupid

VI.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are.
 May drink and love still reign!
 With wine I wash away my cares,
 And then to Love again.

IV.

A S O N G.

I.

AS Chloris full of harmless thoughts
 Beneath a willow lay,
 Kind Love a youthful shepherd brought,
 To pass the time away.

II.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
 And chid the amorous swain;
 But, as she strove to rise and go,
 He pull'd her down again.

III.

A sudden passion seiz'd her heart,
 In spite of her disdain;
 She found a pulse in every part,
 And love in every vein.

IV.

Ah, youth! (said she) what charms are these,
 That conquer and surprize?
 Ah! let me----for, unless you please,
 I have no power to rise.

V. She

V.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
 For fear he should comply;
 Her lovely eyes her heart betray,
 And give her tongue the lye.

VI.

Thus she, who princes had deny'd,
 With all their pomp and train,
 Was in the lucky minute try'd,
 And yielded to a swain.

A S O N G.

I.

GIVE me leave to rail at you,
 I ask nothing but my due;
 To call you false, and then to say
 You shall not keep my heart a day;
 But, alas! against my will,
 I must be your captive still.
 Ah! be kinder then; for I
 Cannot change, and would not die.

II.

Kindness has resistless charms,
 All besides but weakly move,
 Fiercest anger it disarms,
 And clips the wings of flying love.

Beauty

Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade ;
It gilds the lover's servile chain,
And makes the slaves grow pleas'd again.

THE ANSWER.

I.

NOTHING adds to your fond fire
More than scorn, and cold disdain :
I, to cherish your desire,
Kindness us'd, but 't was in vain.

II.

You insisted on your slave,
Humble love you soon refus'd ;
Hope not then a power to have
Which ingloriously you us'd.

III.

Think not, Thyrsis, I will e'er
By my love my empire lose ;
You grow constant through despair,
Love return'd you would abuse.

IV.

Though you still possess my heart,
Scorn and rigour I must feign :
Ah ! forgive that only art
Love has left your love to gain.

V. You

V.

You that could my heart subdue,
To new conquests ne'er pretend :
Let th' example make me true,
And of a conquer'd foe a friend.

VI.

Then, if e'er I should complain
Of your empire, or my chain,
Summon all the powerful charms,
And kill the rebel in your arms.

C O N S T A N C Y.
A S O N G.

I.

I Cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn ;
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born,
No, Phillis, no, your heart to move
A surer way I'll try ;
And, to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

II.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpity'd rise,
The tears that vainly fall :

That

That welcome hour that ends this smart,
Will then begin your pain;
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

A S O N G.

I.

MY dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day afunder.

II.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses:
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day afunder.

A L E T T E R

From ARTEMISA in the Town,
To CLOE in the Country,

CLOE, by your command in verse I write ;
Shortly you 'll bid me ride astride and fight :

Such talents better with our sex agree,

Than lofty flights of dangerous poetry.

Among the men, I mean the men of wit,

(At least they pass'd for such before they writ)

How many bold adventurers for the bays,

Proudly designing large returns of praise ;

Who durst that stormy pathless world explore,

Were soon dash'd back, and wreck'd on the dull shore,

Broke of that little stock they had before !

How would a woman's tottering barque be tost,

Where stoutest ships (the men of wit) are lost !

When I reflect on this, I straight grow wise,

And my own self I gravely thus advise :

Dear Artemisa ! poetry 's a snare ;

Bedlam has many mansions, have a care ;

Your Muse diverts you, makes the reader sad ;

You think yourself inspir'd, he thinks you mad.

Consider too, 'twill be discreetly done,

To make yourself the fiddle of the town.

To find th' ill-humour'd pleasure at their need :

Curs'd when you fail, and scorn'd when you succeed.

Thus,

Thus, like an arrant woman as I am,
No sooner well convinc'd writing 's a shame,
That Whore is scarce a more reproachful name
Than Poetess-----

Like men that marry, or like maids that woo,
Because 'tis th' very worst thing they can do :
Pleas'd with the contradiction and the sin,
Methinks I stand on thorns till I begin.

Y' expect to hear, at least, what love has past
In this lewd town, since you and I saw last ;
What change has happen'd of intrigues, and whether
The old ones last, and who and who's together.
But how, my dearest Cloe, should I set
My pen to write what I would fain forget !
Or name that lost thing Love, without a tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred customs here ?
Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
The softest refuge innocence can find ;
The safe director of unguided youth,
Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth ;
That cordial-drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down ;
On which one only blessing God might raise,
In lands of Atheists, subsidies of praise :
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and bless'd his power, in love :
This only joy, for which poor we are made,
Is grown, like play, to be an arrant trade :
The rooks creep in, and it has got of late
As many little cheats and tricks as that ;

But, what yet more a woman's heart would vex,
 'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own sex;
 Our silly sex, who born, like monarchs, free,
 Turn Gipsies for a meaner liberty,
 And hate restraint, though but from infamy:
 That call whatever is not common nice,
 And, deaf to Nature's rule, or Love's advice,
 Forfake the pleasure, to pursue the vice.
 To an exact perfection they have brought
 The action Love, the passion is forgot.
 'Tis below wit, they tell you, to admire,
 And ev'n without approving they desire:
 Their private wish obeys the public voice,
 'Twixt good and bad whimsy decides, not choice:
 Fashions grow up for taste, at forms they strike,
 They know what they would have, not what they like.
 Bovy's a beauty, if some few agree
 To call him so, the rest to that degree
 Affected are, that with their ears they see.

Where I was visiting the other night,
 Comes a fine lady, with her humble knight,
 Who had prevail'd with her, through her own skill,
 At his request, though much against his will,
 To come to London-----
 As the coach stopt, I heard her voice, more loud
 Than a great-belly'd woman's in a croud;
 Telling the knight, that her affairs require
 He, for some hours, obsequiously retire.
 I think she was asham'd he should be seen:
 Hard fate of husbands! the gallant had been,
 Though a diseas'd, ill-favour'd fool, brought in.

Dispatch

Dispatch, says she, the business you pretend,
 Your beastly visit to your drunken friend,
 A bottle ever makes you look so fine;
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of wine.
 Your country drinking breath's enough to kill;
 Sour ale corrected with a lemon-peel.
 Pr'ythee, farewell; we'll meet again anon:
 The necessary thing bows, and is gone.
 She flies up stairs, and all the haste does show
 That fifty antic postures will allow;
 And then bursts out----Dear madam, am not I
 The strangest, alter'd, creature: let me die,
 I find myself ridiculously grown,
 Embarrass'd with my being out of town:
 Rude and untaught, like any Indian queen,
 My country nakedness is plainly seen.
 How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the state;
 And pray who are the men most worn of late?
 When I was marry'd, fools were à-la-mode,
 The men of wit were then held incommode:
 Slow of belief, and fickle in desire,
 Who, ere they'll be persuaded, must enquire,
 As if they came to spy, and not t' admire:
 With searching wisdom, fatal to their ease,
 They still find out why what may should not please;
 Nay, take themselves for injur'd, when we dare
 Make them think better of us than we are;
 And if we hide our frailties from their sights,
 Call us deceitful jilts and hypocrites;

They little guess, who at our arts are griev'd,
 The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd;
 Inquisitive as jealous cuckolds grow;
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know
 What, being known, creates their certain woe.
 Women should these, of all mankind, avoid,
 For wonder, by clear knowledge, is destroy'd.
 Woman, who is an arrant bird of night,
 Bold in the dusk, before a fool's dull sight
 Must fly, when Reason brings the glaring light.
 But the kind easy fool, apt to admire
 Himself, trusts us; his follies all conspire
 To flatter his, and favour our desire:
 Vain of his proper merit, he with ease
 Believes we love him best, who best can please;
 On him our gross, dull, common flatteries pass,
 Ever most happy when most made an ass;
 Heavy to apprehend, though all mankind
 Perceive us false, the fop himself is blind;
 Who, doating on himself-----
 Thinks every one that sees him of his mind.
 These are true womens men----Here, forc'd to cease
 Through want of breath, not will, to hold her peace,
 She to the window runs, where she had spy'd
 Her much-esteem'd dear friend, the monkey, ty'd;
 With forty smiles, as many antic bows,
 As if 't had been the lady of the house,
 The dirty chattering monster she embrac'd,
 And made it this fine tender speech at last:

Kiss

Kifs me, thou curious miniature of man;
 How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan!
 Oh! I could live and die with thee: then on,
 For half an hour, in compliments she ran:
 I took this time to think what Nature meant,
 When this mixt thing into the world she sent,
 So very wise, yet so impertinent:
 One that knows every thing that God thought fit,
 Should be an ass through choice, not want of wit;
 Whose foppery, without the help of sense,
 Could ne'er have rose to such an excellence:
 Nature's as lame in making a true fop
 As a philosopher; the very top
 And dignity of folly we attain
 By studious search and labour of the brain,
 By observation, counsel, and deep thought:
 God never made a coxcomb worth a groat;
 We owe that name to industry and arts:
 An eminent fool must be a fool of parts,
 And such a one was she, who had turn'd o'er
 As many books as men, lov'd much, read more,
 Had a discerning wit; to her was known
 Every one's fault, or merit, but her own.
 All the good qualities that ever blest
 A woman so distinguish'd from the rest,
 Except discretion only, she possess'd.
 But now, *mon cher*, dear Pug, she cries, adieu;
 And the discourse broke off does thus renew:
 You smile to see me, who the world perchance
 Mistakes to have some wit, so far advance

The interest of fools, that I approve
 Their merit more than men of wit in love ;
 But in our sex too many proofs there are
 Of such whom wits undo, and fools repair.
 This, in my time, was so observ'd a rule,
 Hardly a wench in town but had her fool ;
 The meanest common slut, who long was grown
 The jest and scorn of every pit buffoon,
 Had yet left charms enough to have subdued
 Some fop or other, fond to be thought lewd.
 Foster could make an Irish lord a Nokes,
 And Betty Morris had her city cokes.
 A woman's ne'er so ruin'd, but she can
 Be still reveng'd on her undoer, man :
 How lost foe'er, she'll find some lover more
 A lewd abandon'd fool than she a whore.
 That wretched thing Corinna, who has run
 Through all the several ways of being undone :
 Cozen'd at first by love, and living then
 By turning the too-dear-bought cheat on men :
 Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
 When first the town her early beauties knew ;
 Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with presents fed,
 Youth in her looks, and pleasure in her bed ;
 Till fate, or her ill angel, thought it fit
 To make her doat upon a man of wit ;
 Who found 'twas dull to love above a day,
 Made his ill-natur'd jest, and went away.
 Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd,
 She's a *memento mori* to the rest :

Disceas'd,

Disceas'd; decay'd, to take up half a crown
 Must mortgage her long scarf and mantua gown;
 Poor creature, who, unheard-of, as a fly
 In some dark hole must all the winter lie,
 And want and dirt endure a whole half-year,
 That for one month she tawdry may appear.
 In Easter-term she gets her a new gown;
 When my young master's worship comes to town,
 From pedagogue and mother just set free,
 The heir and hopes of a great family;
 Who with strong beer and beef the country rules,
 And ever since the Conquest have been fools;
 And now, with careful prospect to maintain
 This character, lest crossing of the strain
 Should mend the booby breed, his friends provide
 A cousin of his own to be his bride:
 And thus set out-----
 With an estate, no wit, and a young wife,
 The solid comforts of a coxcomb's life,
 Dunghill and pease forsook, he comes to town,
 Turns spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone;
 Nothing suits worse with vice than want of sense,
 Fools are still wicked at their own expence.
 This o'er-grown school-boy lost Corinna wins;
 At the first dash to make an ass begins:
 Pretends to like a man that has not known
 The vanities or vices of the town;
 Fresh is the youth, and faithful in his love,
 Eager to joys which he does seldom prove;
 Healthful

Healthful and strong, he does no pains endure
 But what the fair-one he adores can cure;
 Grateful for favours, does the sex esteem,
 And libels none for being kind to him;
 Then of the lewdness of the town complains,
 Rails at the wits and atheists, and maintains
 'Tis better than good sense, than power or wealth,
 To have a blood untainted, youth, and health.
 The unbred puppy, who had never seen
 A creature look so gay, or talk so fine,
 Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt;
 Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient seat,
 To buy his mistress a new house for life,
 To give her plate and jewels, robs his wife;
 And when to th' height of fondness he is grown,
 'Tis time to poison him, and all 's her own:
 Thus meeting in her common arms his fate,
 He leaves her bastard heir to his estate;
 And, as the race of such an owl deserve,
 His own dull lawful progeny he starves.
 Nature (that never made a thing in vain,
 But does each insect to some end ordain)
 Wisely provokes kind keeping fools, no doubt,
 To patch up vices men of wit wear out.

Thus she ran on two hours, some grains of sense
 Still mixt with follies of impertinence.
 But now 'tis time I should some pity show
 To Cloe, since I cannot choose but know,
 Readers must reap what dullest writers sow.

By

By the next post I will such stories tell,
 As, join'd to these, shall to a volume swell;
 As true as heaven, more infamous than hell.
 But you are tir'd, and so am I. Farewell.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY

From Lord ROCHESTER to Lord MULGRAVE,

UPON

THEIR MUTUAL POEMS.

DEAR friend, I hear this town does so abound
 In saucy censurers, that faults are found
 With what of late we, in poetic rage
 Bestowing, threw away on the dull age.
 But (howsoe'er envy their spleen may raise,
 To rob my brows of the deserved bays)
 Their thanks, at least, I merit; since through me
 They are partakers of your poetry.
 And this is all I'll say in my defence,
 T' obtain one line of your well-worded sense,
 I'll be content t' have writ the "British Prince." }
 I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
 Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
 But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
 T' avoid with care all sort of self-denial.
 Which way soe'er desire and fancy lead,
 (Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread:

And

And if exposing what I take for wit,
To my dear self a pleasure I beget,
No matter though the censuring critics fret.
These whom my Muse displeases are at strife,
With equal spleen, against my course of life;
The least delight of which I'll not forego,
For all the flattering praise man can bestow.
If I design'd to please, the way were then
To mend my manners, rather than my pen :
The first 's unnatural, therefore unfit;
And for the second I despair of it,
Since grace is not so hard to get as wit :
Perhaps ill verses ought to be confin'd,
In mere good-breeding, like unfavoury wind.
Were reading forc'd, I should be apt to think,
Men might no more write scurvily than stink.
I'll own that you write better than I do,
But I have as much need to write as you.
In all I write, should sense, and wit, and rhyme,
Fail me at once, yet something so sublime
Shall stamp my poem, that the world may see,
It could have been produc'd by none but me.
And that 's my end ; for man can wish no more
Than so to write, as none e'er writ before ;
Yet why am I no poet of the times ?
I have allusions, similes, and rhymes,
And wit ; or else 'tis hard that I alone,
Of the whole race of mankind, should have none.
Unequally the partial hand of heaven
Has all but this one only blessing given.

The

The world appears like a great family,
 Whose lord, oppress'd with pride and poverty,
 (That to a few great bounty he may show)
 Is fain to starve the numerous train below.
 Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,
 Keeping more creatures than it can maintain:
 Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,
 And for one prince, it makes ten thousand slaves:
 In wit alone 't has been magnificent,
 Of which so just a share to each is sent,
 That the most avaricious are content.
 For none e'er thought (the due division 's such)
 His own too little, or his friend's too much.
 Yet most men shew, or find, great want of wit,
 Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.
 But I, who am of sprightly vigour full,
 Look on mankind as envious and dull.
 Born to myself, I like myself alone,
 And must conclude my judgment good, or none:
 For could my sense be naught, how should I know
 Whether another man's were good or no?
 Thus I resolve of my own poetry,
 That 'tis the best; and there 's a fame for me.
 If then I 'm happy, what does it advance,
 Whether to merit due, or arrogance?
 Oh, but the world will take offence hereby!
 Why then the world shall suffer for 't, not I.
 Did e'er this faucy world and I agree,
 To let it have its beastly will on me?
 Why?

Why should my prostituted sense be drawn,
 To every rule their musty customs spawn?
 But men may censure you; 'tis two to one,
 Whene'er they censure, they'll be in the wrong.
 There's not a thing on earth, that I can name,
 So foolish, and so false, as common fame.
 It calls the courtier knave, the plain-man rude,
 Haughty the grave, and the delightful lewd,
 Impertinent the brisk, morose the sad,
 Mean the familiar, the reserv'd-one mad.
 Poor helpless woman is not favour'd more,
 She's a sly hypocrite, or public whore.
 Then who the devil would give this---to be free
 From th' innocent reproach of infamy?
 These things consider'd, make me (in despite
 Of idle rumour) keep at home and write.

A S A T Y R

A G A I N S T M A N K I N D.

WERE I, who to my cost already am
 One of those strange prodigious creatures man,
 A spirit free, to choose for my own share,
 What sort of flesh and blood I pleas'd to wear,
 I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,
 Or any thing, but that vain animal,
 Who is so proud of being rational.

The

The senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
 A sixth, to contradict the other five;
 And, before certain instinct, will prefer
 Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
 Reason, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
 Which leaves the light of nature, sense, behind:
 Pathless and dangerous wandering ways it takes,
 Through error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes;
 Whilst the misguided follower climbs with pain
 Mountains of whimsies, heapt in his own brain:
 Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong
 down

Into Doubt's boundless sea, where like to drown
 Books bear him up a while, and make him try
 To swim with bladders of philosophy;
 In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping light,
 The vapour dances in his dazzled sight,
 Till, spent, it leaves him to eternal night.
 Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
 Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
 After a search so painful and so long,
 That all his life he has been in the wrong.
 Huddled in dirt, this reasoning engine lies,
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise:
 Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch,
 And made him venture to be made a wretch:
 His wisdom did his happiness destroy,
 Aiming to know the world he should enjoy:
 And wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
 Of pleasing others at his own expence;

For

For wits are treated just like common whores,
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors:
 The pleasure past, a threatening doubt remains,
 That frights th' enjoyer with succeeding pains.
 Women, and men of wit, are dangerous tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring fools.
 Pleasure allures; and when the fops escape,
 'Tis not that they are lov'd, but fortunate;
 And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.
 But now, methinks, some formal band and beard
 Takes me to task: come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd.
 Then, by your favour, any thing that's writ,
 Against this gihing, gingling knack, call'd Wit,
 Likes me abundantly; but you'll take care,
 Upon this point, not to be too severe;
 Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part;
 For, I profess, I can be very smart.
 On wit, which I abhor with all my heart.
 I long to lash it in some sharp essay,
 But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,
 And turns my tide of ink another way.
 What rage ferments in your degenerate mind,
 To make you rail at reason and mankind?
 Blest glorious man, to whom alone kind heaven
 An everlasting soul hath freely given;
 Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
 That from himself he did the image take,
 And this fair frame in shining reason drest,
 To dignify his nature above beast:
 Reason,

Reason, by whose aspiring influence,
We take a flight beyond material sense,
Dive into mysteries, then soaring pierce
The flaming limits of the universe,
Search heaven and hell, find out what 's acted there,
And give the world true grounds of hope and fear.

Hold, mighty man, I cry; all this we know
From the pathetic pen of Ingelo,
From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,
And 'tis this very reason I despise
This supernatural gift, that makes a mite
Think he 's the image of the Infinite;
Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
To the Eternal and the Ever-blest:
This busy puzzling stirrer up of doubt,
That frames deep mysteries, then finds them out,
Filling with frantic crowds of thinking fools,
The reverend bedlams, colleges and schools,
Borne on whose wings, each heavy lot can pierce
The limits of the boundless universe.
So charming ointments make an old witch fly,
And bear a crippled carcase through the sky.
'Tis this exalted power, whose business lies
In nonsense and impossibilities:
This made a whimsical philosopher,
Before the spacious world his tub prefer;
And we have many modern coxcombs, who
Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
But thoughts were given for actions' government,
Where action ceases, thought 's impertinent.

Our sphere of action is life's happiness,
 And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an ass.
 Thus whilst against false reasoning I inveigh,
 I own right reason, which I would obey;
 That reason, which distinguishes by sense,
 And gives us rules of good and ill from thence;
 That bounds desires with a reforming will,
 To keep them more in vigour, not to kill:
 Your reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
 Renewing appetites, yours would destroy.
 My reason is my friend, yours is a cheat;
 Hunger calls out, my reason bids me eat;
 Perversely yours, your appetite does mock;
 This asks for food; that answers, what's a clock?

This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures;
 'Tis not true reason I despise, but yours.
 Thus I think reason righted: but for man,
 I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.
 For all his pride, and his philosophy,
 'Tis evident beasts are, in their degree,
 As wise at least, and better far than he.
 Those creatures are the wisest, who attain,
 By surest means, the ends at which they aim.
 If therefore Jowler finds, and kills his hare,
 Better than Meres supplies committee-chair;
 Though one's a statesman, th' other but a hound,
 Jowler in justice will be wiser found.
 You see how far man's wisdom here extends:
 Look next if human nature makes amends;

Whose

Whose principles are most generous and just;
 And to whose morals you would sooner trust:
 Be judge yourself, I'll bring it to the test,
 Which is the basest creature, man or beast:
 Birds feed on birds, beasts on each other prey,
 But savage man alone does man betray.
 Preft by necessity, they kill for food;
 Man undoes man, to do himself no good:
 With teeth and claws by nature arm'd, they hunt
 Nature's allowance, to supply their want.
 But man, with smiles, embraces, friendships, praise,
 Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays;
 With voluntary pains works his distress;
 Not through necessity, but wantonness.
 For hunger or for love, they bite or tear,
 Whilst wretched man is still in arms for fear:
 For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid,
 From fear to fear successively betray'd:
 Base fear, the source whence his best passions come,
 His boasted honour, and his dear-bought fame:
 The lust of power, to which he's such a slave,
 And for the which alone he dares be brave;
 To which his various projects are design'd,
 Which makes him generous, affable, and kind;
 For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
 And screws his actions in a forc'd disguise;
 Leads a most tedious life, in misery,
 Under laborious, mean hypocrisy.
 Look to the bottom of his vast design,
 Wherein man's wisdom, power, and glory join;

The good he acts, the ill he does endure,
 'Tis all from fear, to make himself secure.
 Merely for safety, after fame they thirst;
 For all men would be cowards if they durst:
 And honesty's against all common sense;
 Men must be knaves; 'tis in their own defence,
 Mankind's dishonest; if you think it fair,
 Amongst known cheats, to play upon the square,
 You 'll be undone-----
 Nor can weak truth your reputation save;
 The knaves will all agree to call you knave.
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,
 Who dares be less a villain than the rest.
 Thus here you see what human nature craves,
 Most men are cowards, all men should be knaves.
 The difference lies, as far as I can see,
 Not in the thing itself, but the degree;
 And all the subject-matter of debate,
 Is only who's a knave of the first rate.

P O S T S C R I P T.

ALL this with indignation have I hurl'd,
 At the pretending part of the proud world,
 Who, sworn with selfish vanity, devise
 False freedoms, holy cheats, and formal lyes,
 Over their fellow-slaves to tyrannize.

But if in court so just a man there be,
 (In court a just man, yet unknown to me)

Who

Who does his needful flattery direct,
Not to oppress and ruin, but protect;
Since flattery, which way soever laid,
Is still a tax on that unhappy trade;
If so upright a statesman you can find,
Whose passions bend to his unbiass'd mind;
Who does his arts and policies apply,
To raise his country, not his family.

Is there a mortal who on God relies?
Whose life his faith and doctrine justifies?
Not one blown up with vain aspiring pride,
Who, for reproof of sins, does man deride:
Whose envious heart with saucy eloquence,
Dares chide at kings, and rail at men of sense:
Who in his talking vents more peevish lyes,
More bitter railings, scandals, calumnies,
Than at a gossiping are thrown about,
When the good wives drink free, and then fall out.
None of the sensual tribe, whose talents lie
In avarice, pride, in sloth, and gluttony;
Who hunt preferment, but abhor good lives,
Whose lust exalted to that height arrives,
They act adultery with their own wives;
And, ere a score of years completed be,
Can from the lofty stage of honour see,
Half a large parish their own progeny.

Nor doating ----- who would be ador'd,
For domineering at the council-board,
A greater fop, in business at fourscore,
Fonder of serious toys, affected more,

Than the gay glittering fool at twenty proves,
With all his noise, his tawdry cloaths, and loves.

But a meek humble man of modest sense,
Who, preaching peace, does practise continence;
Whose pious life's a proof he does believe
Mysterious truths, which no man can conceive.
If upon earth there dwell such godlike men,
I'll here recant my paradox to them;
Adore those shrines of virtue, homage pay,
And, with the thinking world, their laws obey.
If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
Man differs more from man, than man from beast.

THE MAIMED DEBAUCHEE.

I.

AS some brave admiral, in former war
Depriv'd of force, but prest with courage still,
Two rival fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent hill:

II.

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he views
The wise and daring conduct of the fight:
And each bold action to his mind renews
His present glory and his past delight.

III.

From his fierce eyes flashes of rage he throws,
As from black clouds when lightning breaks away,
Transported thinks himself amidst his foes,
And absent, yet enjoys the bloody day.

IV. So

IV.

So when my days of impotence approach,
And I'm by wine and love's unlucky chance,
Driven from the pleasing billows of debauch,
On the dull shore of lazy temperance :

V.

My pains at last some respite shall afford,
While I behold the battles you maintain ;
When fleets of glasses fall around the board,
From whose broadsides volleys of wit shall rain.

VI.

Nor shall the fight of honourable scars,
Which my too forward valour did procure,
Frighten new-listed soldiers from the wars ;
Past joys have more than paid what I endure.

VII.

Should some brave youth (worth being drunk) prove nice,
And from his fair inviter meanly shrink,
'Twould please the ghost of my departed vice,
If, at my council, he repent and drink.

VIII.

Or should some cold-complexion'd sot forbid,
With his dull morals, our night's brisk alarms ;
I'll fire his blood, by telling what I did
When I was strong, and able to bear arms.

IX.

I'll tell of whores attack'd their lords at home,
Bawds quarters beaten up, and fortrefs won ;
Windows demolish'd, watches overcome,
And handsome ills by my contrivance done.

X.

With tales like these I will such heat inspire,
 As to important mischief shall incline;
 I'll make him long some ancient church to fire,
 And fear no lewdness they're call'd to by wine.

XI.

Thus statesman-like I'll saucily impose,
 And, safe from danger, valiantly advise;
 Shelter'd in impotence urge you to blows,
 And, being good for nothing else, be wise.

U P O N N O T H I N G.

I.

NOTHING! thou elder brother ev'n to shade,
 That hadst a being ere the world was made,
 And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

II.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
 When primitive Nothing Something straight begot,
 Then all proceeded from the great united---What.

III.

Something, the general attribute of all,
 Sever'd from thee, its sole original,
 Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

IV.

Yet something did thy mighty power command,
 And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand,
 Snatched men, beasts, birds, fire, air, and land.

V. Matter,

V.

Matter, the wicked'st offspring of thy race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy embrace,
And rebel light obscur'd thy reverend dusky face.

VI.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

VII.

But turn-coat Time assists the foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd reign,
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy slaves again.

VIII.

Though mysteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries
Into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies:

IX.

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say,
Thou from the virtuous nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wisely pray.

X.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wise
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise?
Didst thou not stand to point their dull philosophies.

IX.

Is, or is not, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate;

XII. When

XII.

When they have rack'd the politician's breast,
Within thy bosom most securely rest,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.

XIII.

But Nothing, why does Something still permit,
That sacred monarchs should at council sit,
With persons highly thought at best for nothing fit?

XIV.

Whilst weighty Something modestly abstains
From princes' coffers, and from statesmens' brains,
And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave disguise,
For whom they reverend shapes and forms devise,
Lawn sleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they like
thee look wise.

XVI.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniards' dispatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in thee.

XVII.

The great man's gratitude to his best friend,
Kings' promises, whores' vows, towards thee they bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

T R A N S L A T I O N

O F

SOME 'LINES IN LUCRETIIUS.

THE Gods, by right of nature, must possess
 An everlasting age of perfect peace ;
 Far off remov'd from us and our affairs,
 Neither approach'd by dangers or by cares ;
 Rich in themselves, to whom we cannot add ;
 Not pleas'd by good deeds, nor provok'd by bad.

The latter End of the CHORUS of the Second
 Act of SENECA'S TROAS, Translated.

AFTER Death nothing is, and nothing Death,
 The utmost limits of a gasp of breath.
 Let the ambitious zealot lay aside
 His hope of heaven (whose faith is but his pride) ;
 Let slavish souls lay by their fear,
 Nor be concern'd which way, or where,
 After this life they shall be hurl'd :
 Dead, we become the lumber of the world,
 And to that mass of matter shall be swept
 Where things destroy'd with things unborn are kept ;
 Devouring Time swallows us whole,
 Impartial Death confounds body and soul.

For

For hell, and the foul fiend that rules

The everlasting fiery gaols,
Devis'd by rogues, dreaded by fools,
With his grim grisly dog that keeps the door,
Are senseless stories, idle tales,
Dreams, whimsies, and no more.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY,

ON HIS

RESTORATION in the YEAR 1660.

VIRTUE's triumphant shrine ! who dost engage
At once three kingdoms in a pilgrimage ;
Which in extatic duty strive to come
Out of themselves, as well as from their home ;
Whilst England grows one camp, and London is
Itself the nation, not metropolis ;
And loyal Kent renews her arts again,
Fencing her ways with moving groves of men ;
Forgive this distant homage, which does meet
Your blest approach on sedentary feet ;
And though my youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of arms, denies me to appear
In steel before you ; yet, great Sir, approve
My manly wishes, and more vigorous love ;
In whom a cold respect were treason to
A father's ashes, greater than to you ;
Whose one ambition 't is for to be known,
By daring loyalty, your Wilmot's son.

Wadh. Coll.

ROCHESTER.

T O

TO HER

SACRED MAJESTY THE QUEEN-MOTHER,

ON THE

DEATH of MARY, Princess of Orange.

RESPITE, great queen, your just and hasty fears :
There 's no infection lodges in our tears.
Though our unhappy air be arm'd with death,
Yet sighs have an untainted guiltless breath.
Oh ! stay a while, and teach your equal skill
To understand, and to support our ill.
You that in mighty wrongs an age have spent,
And seem to have out-liv'd ev'n banishment :
Whom traiterous mischief sought its earliest prey,
When to most sacred blood it made its way ;
And did thereby its black design impart,
To take his head, that wounded first his heart :
You that unmov'd great Charles's ruin stood,
When three great nations sunk beneath the load ;
Then a young daughter lost, yet balsam found
To stanch that new and freshly-bleeding wound ;
And, after this, with fixt and steady eyes
Beheld your noble Gloucester's obsequies :
And then sustain'd the royal Princess' fall ;
You only can lament her funeral.
But you will hence remove, and leave behind
Our sad complaints lost in the empty wind ;

Those

Those winds that bid you stay, and loudly roar
 Destruction, and drive back to the firm shore ;
 Shipwreck to safety, and the envy fly
 Of sharing in this scene of tragedy :
 While sickness, from whose rage you post away,
 Relents, and only now contrives your stay ;
 The lately fatal and infectious ill
 Courts the fair princess, and forgets to kill :
 In vain on fevers curses we dispense,
 And vent our passion's angry eloquence ;
 In vain we blast the ministers of Fate,
 And the forlorn physicians imprecate ;
 Say they to death new poisons add and fire,
 Murder securely for reward and hire ;
 Arts basilisks, that kill whome'er they see,
 And truly write bills of mortality,
 Who, lest the bleeding corpse should them betray,
 First drain those vital speaking streams away.
 And will you, by your flight, take part with these ?
 Become yourself a third and new disease ?
 If they have caus'd our loss, then so have you,
 Who take yourself and the fair princess, too :
 For we, depriv'd, an equal damage have
 When France doth ravish hence, as when the grave :
 But that your choice th' unkindness doth improve,
 And dereliction adds to your remove.

ROCHESTER, of Wadham College.

A N E P I L O G U E.

SOME few, from wit, have this true maxim got,
 " That 't is still better to be pleas'd than not ; " }
 And therefore never their own torment plot.
 While the malicious Critics still agree
 To loath each play they come and pay to see. }
 The first know 'tis a meaner part of sense
 To find a fault, than taste an excellence :
 Therefore they praise, and strive to like, while these
 Are dully vain of being hard to please.
 Poets and women have an equal right }
 To hate the dull, who, dead to all delight,
 Feel pain alone, and have no joy but spight. }
 'Twas impotence did first this vice begin ;
 Fools censure wit, as old men rail at sin :
 Who envy pleasure which they cannot taste,
 And, good for nothing, would be wise at last.
 Since therefore to the women it appears,
 That all the enemies of wit are theirs, }
 Our poet the dull herd no longer fears. }
 Whate'er his fate may prove, 'twill be his pride
 To stand or fall with beauty on his side.

AN ALLUSION

TO THE

Tenth Satire of the First Book of HORACE.

WELL, Sir, 't is granted ; I said Dryden's rhymes
 Were stolen, unequal, nay dull many times :
 What foolish patron is there found of his,
 So blindly partial to deny me this ?
 But that his plays, embroider'd up and down
 With wit and learning, justly pleas'd the town,
 In the same paper I as freely own. }
 Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy mass
 That stuffs up his loose volumes, must not pass ;
 For by that rule I might as well admit
 Crown's tedious scenes for poetry and wit.
 'Tis therefore not enough, when your false sense,
 Hits the false judgment of an audience
 Of clapping fools assembling, a vast crowd,
 Till the throng'd playhouse crack'd with the dull load ;
 Though ev'n that talent merits, in some sort,
 That can divert the rabble and the court,
 Which blundering Settle never could obtain,
 And puzzling Otway labours at in vain :
 But within due proportion circumscribe
 Whate'er you write, that with a flowing tide
 The style may rise, yet in its rise forbear
 With useless words t' oppress the weary'd ear.

Here

Here be your language lofty, there more light,
 Your rhetoric with your poetry unite,
 For elegance sake, sometimes allay the force
 Of epithets, 'twill soften the discourse:
 A jest in scorn points out and hits the thing
 More home, than the remotest satire's sting.
 Shakespeare and Jonson did in this excel,
 And might herein be imitated well,
 Whom refin'd Etherege copies not at all,
 But is himself a sheer original.
 Nor that slow drudge in swift Pindaric strains,
 Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
 And rides a jaded Muse, whipt, with loose reins. }
 When Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,
 And Hannibal a whining amorous slave,
 I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd fustian fool
 In Busby's hands, to be well lash'd at school.
 Of all our modern wits, none seem to me }
 Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
 But hasty Shadwell, and slow Wycherley. }
 Shadwell's unfinish'd works do yet impart
 Great proofs of force of nature, none of art:
 With just bold strokes he dashes here and there,
 Showing great mastery with little care,
 Scorning to varnish his good touches o'er,
 To make the fools and women praise them more.
 But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains,
 He wants no judgment, and he spares no pains:
 He frequently excels, and, at the least,
 Makes fewer faults than any of the rest.

Waller, by Nature for the Bays design'd,
 With force and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,
 In panegyric does excel mankind.
 He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,
 To praise great conquerors, and flatter kings,
 For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
 The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.
 For songs and verses mannerly obscene,
 That can stir Nature up by springs unseen,
 And, without forcing blushes, warm the queen;
 Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
 That can with a resistless power impart
 The loosest wishes to the chastest heart,
 Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
 Betwixt declining virtue and desire,
 Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
 In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.
 Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of wit;
 For he, to be a tearing blade, thought fit
 To give the ladies a dry bawdy bob,
 And thus he got the name of poet Squab.
 But to be just, 't will to his praise be found,
 His excellences more than faults abound:
 Nor dare I from his sacred temples tear
 The laurel, which he best deserves to wear.
 But does not Dryden find even Jonson dull?
 Beaumont and Fletcher uncorrect, and full
 Of lewd lines, as he calls them? Shakespeare's style
 Stiff and affected? To his own the while

Allowing

Allowing all the justice that his pride
 So arrogantly had to these deny'd ?
 And may not I have leave impartially
 To search and censure Dryden's works, and try
 If those gross faults his choice pen doth commit
 Proceed from want of judgment, or of wit ?
 Or if his lumpish fancy does refuse
 Spirit and grace to his loose flattern Muse ?
 Five hundred verses every morning writ,
 Prove him no more a poet than a wit :
 Such scribbling authors have been seen before ;
 Mustapha, the Island Princess, forty more,
 Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour. }
 To write what may securely stand the test
 Of being well read over thrice at least ;
 Compare each phrase, examine every line,
 Weigh every word, and every thought refine ;
 Scorn all applause the vile rout can bestow,
 And be content to please those few who know.
 Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,
 To wish thy works might make a play-house ring
 With the unthinking laughter and poor praise
 Of fops and ladies, factious for thy plays ?
 Then send a cunning friend to learn thy doom
 From the shrewd judges in the drawing-room.
 I 've no ambition on that idle score,
 But say with Betty Morice heretofore,
 When a court lady call'd her Buckley's whore ; }
 I please one man of wit, am proud on't too,
 Let all the coxcombs dance to bed to you.

Should I be troubled when the Purbblind Knight,
Who squints more in his judgment than his sight,
Picks silly faults, and censures what I write?

Or when the poor-fed poets of the town
For scabs and coach-room cry my verses down?

I loath the rabble; 'tis enough for me
If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurft, Buckingham,
And some few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my sense: I count their censure fame.

Sir CAR SCROPE, who thought himself reflected
on at the latter End of the preceding Poem,
published a Poem "In Defence of Satire,"
which occasioned the following Reply.

TO Sir CAR SCROPE.

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning brain,
In Satire's praise, to a low untun'd strain,
In thee was most impertinent and vain.
When in thy person we more clearly see
That satire's of divine authority,
For God made one on man when he made thee;
To shew there were some men, as there are apes,
Fram'd for meer sport, who differ but in shapes:
In thee are all these contradictions join'd,
That make an ass prodigious and refin'd.

A lump

A lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born,
 Begot in Love's despight and Nature's scorn;
 And art grown up the most ungrateful wight,
 Harsh to the ear, and hideous to the sight;
 Yet Love's thy business, Beauty thy delight,
 Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd
 Thy madness, to pretend to be admir'd;
 To paint thy grisly face, to dance, to dress,
 And all those aukward follies that express
 Thy loathsome love, and filthy daintiness.
 Who needs wilt be an ugly Beau-Garçon,
 Spit at, and shunn'd by every girl in town;
 Where dreadfully Love's scare-crow thou art plac'd
 To fright the tender flock that long to taste:
 While every coming maid, when you appear,
 Starts back for shame, and straight turns chaste for fear;
 For none so poor or prostitute have prov'd,
 Where you made love, t' endure to be belov'd.
 'T were labour lost, or else I would advise;
 But thy half-wit will ne'er let thee be wise.
 Half witty, and half mad, and scarce half brave,
 Half honest (which is very much a knave)
 Made up of all these halves, thou canst not pass
 For any thing intirely, but an Ass.

E P I L O G U E.

AS charms are nonsense, nonsense seems a charm,
 Which hearers of all judgment does disarm;
 For songs and scenes a double audience bring,
 And doggrel takes, which Smiths in satin sing.
 Now to machines and a dull mask you run;
 We find that wit 's the monster you would shun,
 And by my troth 'tis most discreetly done. }
 For since with vice and folly wit is fed,
 Through mercy 'tis most of you are not dead.
 Players turn puppets now at your desire,
 In their mouth 's nonsense, in their tail 's a wire, }
 They fly through crowds of clouts and showers of fire.
 A kind of losing Loadum is their game,
 Where the worst writer has the greatest fame.
 To get vile plays like theirs shall be our care;
 But of such aukward actors we despair.
 False taught at first-----
 Like bowls ill-bias'd, still the more they run,
 They 're further off than when they first begun.
 In comedy their unweigh'd action mark,
 There 's one is such a dear familiar spark,
 He yawns as if he were but half awake,
 And fribbling for free speaking does mistake;
 False accent and neglectful action too:
 They have both so nigh good, yet neither true,

That

That both together, like an ape's mock-face,
By near resembling man, do man disgrace.
Thorough-pac'd ill actors may, perhaps, be cur'd;
Half players, like half wits, can't be endur'd.
Yet these are they, who durst expose the age
Of the great * wonder of the English stage;
Whom Nature seem'd to form for your delight,
And bid him speak, as she bid Shakespeare write.
Those blades indeed are cripples in their art,
Mimic his foot, but not his speaking part.
Let them the Traitor or Volpone try,
Could they-----
Rage like Cethegus, or like Cassius die,
They ne'er had sent to Paris for such fancies,
As monsters heads and Merry-Andrew's dances.
Wither'd, perhaps, not perish'd, we appear;
But they are blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
Th' old poets dress'd your mistress Wit before;
These draw you on with an old painted whore,
And sell, like bawds, patch'd plays for maidst twice o'er. }
Yet they may scorn our house and actors too,
Since they have swell'd so high to hector you.
They cry, Pox o' these Covent-Garden men,
Damn them, not one of them but keeps out ten.
Were they once gone, we for those thundering blades
Should have an audience of substantial trades,
Who love our muzzled boys and tearing fellows,
My Lord, great Neptune, and great nephew Æolus.

* Major Mohun.

344 ROCHESTER'S POEMS.

O how the merry citizen 's in love
 With -----
 Psyche, the goddess of each field and grove.
 He cries, I' faith, methinks 'tis well enough;
 But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd stuff!
 So to their house the graver fops repair,
 While men of wit find one another here.

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN AT THE

COURT AT WHITEHALL,

BEFORE

KING CHARLES II.

By the Lady ELIZABETH HOWARD.

WIT has of late took up a trick t' appear
 Unmannerly, or at the best, severe:
 And poets share the fate by which we fall,
 When kindly we attempt to please you all.
 'Tis hard your scorn should against such prevail,
 Whose ends are to divert you, though they fail.
 You men would think it an ill-natur'd jest,
 Should we laugh at you when you do your best.
 Then rail not here, though you see reason for 't;
 If wit can find itself no better sport,
 Wit is a very foolish thing at court.

Wit's

Wit's business is to please, and not to fright;
 'Tis no wit to be always in the right;
 You'll find it none, who dare be so to-night.
 Few so ill-bred will venture to a play,
 To spy out faults in what we women say.
 For us, no matter what we speak, but how:
 How kindly can we say-----I hate you now!
 And for the men, if you'll laugh at them, do;
 They mind themselves so much, they'll ne'er mind you.
 But why do I descend to lose a prayer
 On those small faults in wit? the god sits there!

To the KING.

To you (Great SIR) my message hither tends,
 From Youth and Beauty, your allies and friends;
 See my credentials written in my face,
 They challenge your protection in this place;
 And hither come with such a force of charms,
 As may give check ev'n to your prosperous arms.
 Millions of Cupids hovering in the rear,
 Like eagles following fatal troops, appear:
 All waiting for the slaughter which draws nigh,
 Of those bold gazers who this night must die.
 Nor can you 'scape our soft captivity,
 From which old age alone must set you free.
 Then tremble at the fatal consequence,
 Since 'tis well known, for your own part, great Prince,
 'Gainst us you still have made a weak defence.
 Be generous and wise, and take our part;
 Remember we have eyes, and you a heart;

Else

Else you may find, too late, that we are things
 Born to kill vassals, and to conquer kings.
 But oh to what vain conquest I pretend !
 While Love is our commander, and your friend.
 Our victory your empire more assures,
 For Love will ever make the triumph yours.

TO THE KING.

To you (Great Sir) my noblest wishes
 From Youth and Beauty, from allies and friends;
 See my reverent wishes in my hand.
 They challenge your protection in this place;
 And under your wing I seek a place of rest.
 As may your check be to your subjects' state.
 Millions of Cupids' arrows in the air,
 Like eagles follow me, and seek my prey;
 All waiting for the signal which shall give
 O' that bold youth who has the heart to die.
 Nor can you leave me left so lonely,
 From which old age alone can save me free.
 Then would I in the land of the living
 Shine as still shines the sun on your great light.
 O that you had made a weak devotion
 To me, and I had made a weak devotion
 To you, and I had made a weak devotion
 To you, and I had made a weak devotion.

CON.

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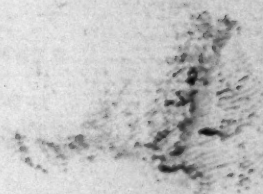
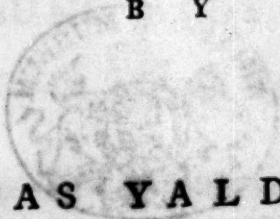
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POEMS

P O E M S

B Y

THOMAS YALDEN, D.D.





P O E M S

B Y

D R. Y A L D E N.

AGAINST IMMODERATE GRIEF.
TO A YOUNG LADY WEEPING.

An ODE in Imitation of CASIMIRE.

I.

COULD mournful sighs, or floods of tears, prevent
The ills, unhappy men lament :
Could all the anguish of my mind
Remove my cares, or make but Fortune kind ;
Soon I'd the grateful tribute pay,
And weep my troubled thoughts away :
To wealth and pleasure every sigh prefer,
And more than gems esteem each falling tear.

II.

But, since insulting cares are most inclin'd
To triumph o'er th' afflicted mind ;
Since sighs can yield us no relief,
And tears, like fruitful showers, but nourish grief ;
Then

Then cease, fair mourner, to complain,
 Nor lavish such bright streams in vain :
 But still with chearful thoughts thy cares beguile,
 And tempt thy better fortunes with a smile.

III.

The generous mind is by its sufferings known,
 Which no affliction tramples down ;
 But when oppress'd will upward move,
 Spurn down its clog of cares, and soar above.
 Thus the young royal eagle tries
 On the sun-beams his tender eyes,
 And, if he shrinks not at th' offensive light,
 He's then for empire fit, and takes his soaring flight.

IV.

Though cares assault thy breast on every side,
 Yet bravely stem th' impetuous tide :
 No tributary tears to fortune pay,
 Nor add to any loss a nobler day ;
 But with kind hopes support thy mind,
 And think thy better lot behind :
 Amidst afflictions let thy soul be great,
 And shew thou dar'st deserve a better state.

V.

Then, lovely mourner, wipe those tears away,
 And cares that urge thee to decay ;
 Like ravenous age thy charms they waste,
 Wrinkle thy youthful brow, and blooming beauties blast.
 But keep thy looks and mind serene,
 All gay without, all calm within ;
 For Fate is aw'd, and adverse fortunes fly
 A chearful look, and an unconquer'd eye.

HYMN

HYMN TO THE MORNING, IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

I.

PARENT of Day ! whose beauteous beams of light
Spring from the darksome womb of night,
And midst their native horrors show,
Like gems adorning of the Negro's brow :
Not heaven's fair bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy drapery ;
Thou first essay of light, and pledge of day !
That usher'st in the sun, and still prepar'st its way.

II.

Rival of shade, eternal spring of light !
Thou art the genuine source of it :
From thy bright unexhausted womb,
The beauteous race of days and seasons come.
Thy beauty ages cannot wrong,
But, spight of time, thou 'rt ever young :
Thou art alone heaven's modest virgin light,
Whose face a veil of blushes hides from human sight.

III.

Like some fair bride thou risest from thy bed,
And dost around thy lustre spread ;
Around the universe dispense
New life to all, and quickening influence.

With gloomy smiles thy rival Night
Beholds thy glorious dawn of light :
Not all the wealth the views in mines below
Can match thy brighter beams, or equal lustre show.

IV.

At thy approach, Nature erects her head,
The smiling universe is glad ;
The drowsy earth and seas awake,
And, from thy beams, new life and vigour take :
When thy more chearful rays appear,
Ev'n guilt and women cease to fear :
Horror, Despair, and all the sons of Night
Retire before thy beams, and take their hasty flight.

V.

To thee, the grateful East their altars raise,
And sing with early hymns thy praise ;
Thou dost their happy soil bestow,
Enrich the heavens above, and earth below :
Thou risest in the fragrant East,
Like the fair Phoenix from her balmy nest :
No altar of the gods can equal thine,
The air's thy richest incense, the whole land thy shrine !

VI.

But yet thy fading glories soon decay,
Thine's but a momentary stay ;
Too soon thou 'rt ravish'd from our sight,
Borne down the stream of day, and overwhelm'd with
light.
Thy beams to their own ruin haste,
They're fram'd too exquisite to last :

Thine

Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd state.
Pity so fair a birth should yield so soon to Fate!

VII.

Before th' Almighty Artift fram'd the fky,
Or gave the earth its harmony,
His first command was for thy light ;
He view'd the lovely birth, and blessed it :
In purple fwaddling-bands it struggling lay,
Not yet maturely bright for day :
Old Chaos then a chearful fmile put on,
And, from thy beauteous form, did first prefage its own.

VIII.

“ Let there be Light !” the great Creator faid,
His word the active child obey'd :
Night did her teeming womb difclofe ;
And then the blufhing Morn, its brighteft offspring, rofe.
A while th' Almighty wondering view'd,
And then himfelf pronounc'd it good :
“ With Night,” faid he, “ divide th' imperial fway ;
“ Thou my first labour art, and thou fhalt blefs the Day.”

H Y M N T O D A R K N E S S.

I.

DARKNESS; thou first great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original :
Since from thy univerfal womb
Does all thou fhad'st below, thy numerous offspring,
come.

II.

Thy wondrous birth is ev'n to Time unknown,
 Or, like Eternity, thou'dst none ;
 Whilst Light did its first being owe
 Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.

III.

Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,
 To Reason inaccessible ?
 From form and duller matter free,
 Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.

IV.

Involv'd in thee, we first receive our breath,
 Thou art our refuge too in death :
 Great Monarch of the Grave and Womb,
 Where-e'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies come.

V.

The silent globe is struck with awful fear,
 When thy majestic shades appear :
 Thou dost compose the air and sea,
 And Earth a sabbath keeps, sacred to Rest and Thee.

VI.

In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,
 And court the umbrage of the Night ;
 In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,
 But fly the Morning's beams, and sicken at the Day.

VII.

Though solid bodies dare exclude the light,
 Nor will the brightest ray admit ;
 No substance can thy force repel,
 Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre dwell.

VIII. The

VIII.

The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
 To thee their beauteous lustre owe;
 Though form'd within the womb of Night,
 Bright as their fire they shine, with native rays of light.

IX.

When thou dost raise thy venerable head,
 And art in genuine Night array'd,
 Thy Negro beauties then delight;
 Beauties, like polish'd jet, with their own darkness bright.

X.

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,
 And know'st no difference here below:
 All things appear the same by thee,
 Though Light distinction makes, thou giv'st equality.

XI.

Thou, Darkness, art the lover's kind retreat,
 And dost the nuptial joys compleat;
 Thou dost inspire them with thy shade,
 Giv'st vigour to the youth, and warm'st the yielding maid.

XII.

Calm as the blest'd above the Anchorites dwell,
 Within their peaceful gloomy cell.
 Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd;
 The pleasures Light deny, thy shades for ever yield.

XIII.

In caves of Night, the oracles of old
 Did all their mysteries unfold:
 Darkness did first Religion grace,
 Gave terrors to the God, and reverence to the place.

XIV.

When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
 Thy shades inclos'd the hallow'd land;
 In clouds of Night he was array'd,
 And venerable Darkneſs his pavilion made.

XV.

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might,
 He veil'd the beatific light;
 When terrible with majeſty,
 In tempeſts he gave laws, and clad himſelf in thee.

XVI.

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
 Or brighter firmament was made;
 Ere matter, time, or place, was known,
 Thou, Monarch Darkneſs, ſwayd'ſt theſe ſpacious
 realms alone.

XVII.

But, now the Moon (though gay with borrow'd light)
 Invades thy ſcanty lot of Night:
 By rebel ſubjects thou'rt betray'd,
 The anarchy of Stars depoſe their Monarch Shade.

XVIII.

Yet fading Light its empire muſt reſign,
 And Nature's power ſubmit to thine:
 An univerſal ruin ſhall erect thy throne,
 And Fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

HUMAN LIFE.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY AN EPICURE.

In Imitation of the Second Chapter of the
WISDOM of SOLOMON.

To the Lord HUNSDON.

A PINDARIC ODE.

THEN will penurious Heaven no more allow ?
 No more on its own darling Man bestow ?
 Is it for this he lord of all appears,
 And his great Maker's image bears ?
 To toil beneath a wretched state,
 Oppress'd with miseries and fate ;
 Beneath his painful burthen groan,
 And in this beaten road of life drudge on !
 Amidst our labours, we possess
 No kind allays of happiness :
 No softening joys can call our own,
 To make this bitter drug go down ;
 Whilst Death an easy conquest gains,
 And the insatiate Grave in endless triumph reigns.
 With throes and pangs into the world we come,
 The curse and burthen of the womb :
 Nor wretched to ourselves alone,
 Our mothers' labours introduce our own.

In cries and tears our infancy we waste,
 Those sad prophetic tears, that flow
 By instinct of our future woe;
 And ev'n our dawn of life with sorrows over-cast,
 Thus we toil out a restless age,
 Each his laborious part must have,
 Down from the monarch to the slave,
 Act o'er this farce of life, then drop beneath the stage.

II.

From our first drawing vital breath,
 From our first starting from the womb,
 Until we reach the destin'd tomb,
 We all are posting on to the dark goal of death.
 Life, like a cloud that fleets before the wind,
 No mark, no kind impresson, leaves behind,
 'Tis scatter'd like the winds that blow,
 Boisterous as them, full as inconstant too,
 That know not whence they come, nor where they go.
 Here we 're detain'd a while, and then
 Become originals again :
 Time shall a man to his first self restore,
 And make him intire nothing, all he was before.
 No part of us, no remnant, shall survive !
 And yet we impudently say, we live :
 No ! we but ebb into ourselves again,
 And only come to be, as we had never been.

III.

Say, learned Sage, thou that art mighty wise !
 Unriddle me these mysteries :
 What is the soul, the vital heat,
 That our mean frame does animate ?

What

What is our breath, the breath of man,
That buoys his nature up, and does ev'n life sustain?

Is it not air, an empty fume,

A fire that does itself consume;

A warmth that in a heart is bred,

A lambent flame with heat and motion fed?

Extinguish that, the whole is gone,

This boasted scene of life is done:

Away the phantom takes its flight,

Damn'd to a loathsome grave, and an eternal night.

The soul, th' immortal part we boast,

In one consuming minute's lost;

To its first source it must repair,

Scatter with winds, and flow with common air.

Whilst the fall'n body, by a swift decay,

Resolves into its native clay:

For dust and ashes are its second birth,

And that incorporates too with its great parent Earth.

IV.

Nor shall our names our memories survive,

Alas, no part of man can live!

The empty blasts of fame shall die,

And even those nothings taste mortality.

In vain to future-ages we transmit

Heroic acts, and monuments of wit:

In vain we dear-bought honours leave,

To make our ashes gay, and furnish out a grave,

Ah, treacherous immortality!

For thee our stock of youth we waste,

And urge on life, that ebbs too fast:

To purchase thee with blood, the valiant fly;
 And, to survive in fame, the great and glorious die.
 Lavish of life, they squander this estate,
 And for a poor reversion wait:
 Bankrupts and misers to themselves they grow,
 Embitter wretched life with toils and woe,
 To hoard up endless fame, they know not where or how.

V.

Ah, think, my friends, how swift the minutes haste!
 The present day entirely is our own,
 Then seize the blessing ere 'tis gone:
 To-morrow, fatal sound! since this may be our last.
 Why do we boast of years, and sum up days!

'Tis all imaginary space:
 To-day, to-day, is our inheritance,
 'Tis all penurious Fate will give,
 Posterity 'll to-morrow live,
 Our sons crowd on behind, our children drive us hence.
 With garlands then your temples crown,
 And lie on beds of roses down:
 Beds of roses we'll prepare,
 Roses that our emblems are;
 A while they flourish on the bough,
 And drink large draughts of heavenly dew:
 Like us they smile, are young and gay,
 And, like us too, are tenants for a day,
 Since with Night's blasting breath they vanish swift away.

VI.

Bring chearful wine, and costly sweets prepare:
 'Tis more than frenzy now to spare:

Let

Let cares and business wait a while ;
 Old age affords a thinking interval :
 Or, if they must a longer hearing have,
 Bid them attend below, adjourn into the grave.
 Then gay and sprightly wine produce,
 Wines that wit and mirth infuse :
 That feed, like oil, th' expiring flame,
 Revive our drooping souls, and prop this tottering frame.
 That, when the grave our bodies has engross'd,
 When virtues shall forgotten lie,
 With all their boasted piety,
 Honours and titles, like ourselves, be lost ;
 Then our recorded vice shall flourish on,
 And our immortal riots be for ever known.
 This, this, is what we ought to do,
 The great design, the grand affair below !
 Since bounteous Nature's plac'd our Steward here,
 Then man his grandeur should maintain,
 And in excess of pleasure reign,
 Keep up his character, and lord of all appear.

AGAINST ENJOYMENT.

WE love and hate, as restless monarchs fight,
 Who boldly dare invade another's right :
 Yet, when through all the dangerous toils they've run,
 Ignobly quit the conquests they have won ;
 Those charming hopes, that made them valiant grow,
 Pall'd with Enjoyment, make them cowards now.

Our passions only form our happiness,
 Hopes still enlarge, as fears contract it less :
 Hope with a gaudy prospect feeds the eye,
 Soothes every sense, does with each wish comply ;
 But false Enjoyment the kind guide destroys,
 We lose the passion in the treacherous joys.
 Like the gay silk-worm, when it pleases most,
 In that ungrateful web it spun, 'tis lost.

Fruition only cloy the appetite ;
 More does the conquest, than the prize delight :
 One victory gain'd, another fills the mind,
 Our restless wishes cannot be confin'd.
 Like boisterous waves, no settled bounds they know,
 Fix at no point, but always ebb or flow.

Who most expects, enjoys the pleasure most,
 'Tis rais'd by wishes, by fruition lost :
 We're charm'd with distant views of happiness,
 But near approaches make the prospect less.
 Wishes, like painted landscapes, best delight,
 Whilst distance recommends them to the sight :
 Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear ;
 But show their course and nauseous colours, near.

Thus the fam'd Midas, when he found his store
 Increasing still, and would admit of more,
 With eager arms his swelling bags he press'd ;
 And expectation only made him bless'd :
 But, when a boundless treasure he enjoy'd,
 And every wish was with fruition cloy'd :
 Then, damn'd to heaps, and surfeited with ore,
 He curs'd that gold he doated on before.

THE CURSE OF BABYLON.

ISAIAH, Chap. xiii. paraphrased.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

NOW let the fatal banner be display'd !
Upon some lofty mountain's top
Go set the dreadful standard up !
And all around the hills the bloody signals spread.

For, lo, the numerous hosts of heaven appear !

Th' embattled legions of the sky,

With all their dread artillery,

Draw forth in bright array, and muster in the air.

Why do the mountains tremble with the noise,

And valleys echo back their voice ?

The hills tumultuous grow and loud,

The hills that groan beneath the gathering multitude.

Wide as the poles of heaven's extent,

So far 's the dreadful summons sent :

Kingdoms and nations at his call appear,

For ev'n the Lord of Hosts commands in person there.

II.

Start from thy lethargy, thou drowsy land,

Awake, and hear his dread command !

Thy black tempestuous day comes lowering on,

O fatal light ! O inauspicious hour !

Was ever such a day before !

So stain'd with blood, by marks of vengeance known.

Nature

Nature shall from her steady course remove,
 The well-fix'd earth be from its basis rent,
 Convulsions shake the firmament;
 Horror seize all below, confusion reign above.
 The stars of heaven shall sicken at the sight,
 Nor shall the planets yield their light:
 But from the wretched object fly,
 And, like extinguish'd tapers, quit the darken'd sky.
 The rising sun, as he was conscious too,
 As he the fatal business knew,
 A deep, a bloody red shall stain
 And at his early dawn shall set in night again.

III.

To the destroying sword I've said, Go forth,
 Go, fully execute my wrath!
 Command my hosts, my willing armies lead;
 For this rebellious land and all therein shall bleed.
 They shall not grieve me more, no more transgress;
 I will consume the stubborn race:
 Yet brutes and savages I justly spare;
 Useless is all my vengeance there;
 Ungrateful man's the greater monster far.
 On guiltless beasts I will the land bestow,
 To them th' inheritance shall go;
 Those elder brothers now shall lord it here below:
 And, if some poor remains escape behind,
 Some relicks left of lost mankind;
 Th' astonish'd herds shall in their cities cry,
 When they behold a man, Lo, there's a prodigy!

IV. The

IV.

The Medes I call to my assistance here,

A people that delight in war;

A generous race of men, a nation free

From vicious ease and Persian luxury.

Silver is despicable in their eyes,

Contemn'd the useless metal lies :

Their conquering iron they prefer before

The finest gold, ev'n Ophir's tempting ore.

By these the land shall be subdued,

Abroad their bows shall overcome,

Their swords and flames destroy at home ;

For neither sex nor age shall be exempt from blood.

The nobles and the princes of thy state

Shall on the victor's triumphs wait :

And those that from the battle fled

Shall be, with chains oppress'd, in cruel bondage led.

V.

I'll visit their distress with plagues and miseries,

The throes that womens' labours wait,

Convulsive pangs, and bloody sweat,

Their beauty shall consume, and vital spirits seize.

The ravish'd virgins shall be borne away,

And their dishonour'd wives be led

To the insulting victor's bed,

To brutal lusts expos'd, to fury left a prey.

Nor shall the teeming womb afford

Its forming births a refuge from the sword ;

The sword, that shall their pangs increase,

And all the throes of travail curse with barrenness,

The

The infants shall expire with their first breath,
 And only live in pangs of death;
 Live but with early cries to curse the light,
 And, at the dawn of life, set in eternal night.

VI.

Ev'n Babylon, adorn'd with every grace,
 The beauty of the universe:
 Glory of nations! the Chaldeans' pride,
 And joy of all th' admiring world beside:
 Thou, Babylon! before whose throne
 The empires of the earth fall down;
 The prostrate nations homage pay,
 And vassal princes of the world obey:
 Shalt in the dust be trampled low:
 Abject and low upon the earth be laid,
 And deep in ruins hide thy ignominious head.
 Thy strong amazing walls, whose impious height
 The clouds conceal from human sight;
 That proudly now their polish'd turrets rear,
 Which bright as neighbouring stars appear,
 Diffusing glories round th' enlighten'd air,
 In flames shall downwards to their centre fly,
 And deep within the earth, as their foundations, lie.

VII.

Thy beauteous palaces (though now thy pride!)
 Shall be in heaps of ashes hid:
 In vast surprizing heaps shall lie,
 And ev'n their ruins bear the pomp of majesty.
 No bold inhabitant shall dare
 Thy ras'd foundations to repair:

No

No pitying hand exalt thy abject state;
No! to succeeding times thou must remain

An horrid exemplary scene,
And lie from age to age ruin'd and desolate.

Thy fall's decreed (amazing turn of fate!)

Low as Gomorrah's wretched state:

Thou, Babylon, shalt be like Sodom curst,
Destroy'd by flames from heaven, and thy more burn-

VIII. [ing lust.

The day's at hand, when in thy fruitful soil

No labourer shall reap, no mower toil:

His tent the wandering Arab shall not spread,

Nor make thy cursed ground his bed;

Though faint with travel, though oppress'd with thirst,

He to his drooping herds shall cry aloud,

Taste not of that embitter'd flood, [curst.
Taste not Euphrates' streams, they're poisonous all, and

The shepherd to his wandering flocks shall say,

When o'er thy battlements they stray,

When in thy palaces they graze,

Ah, fly, unhappy flocks! fly this infectious place.

Whilst the sad traveller, that passes on,

Shall ask, Lo, where is Babylon?

And when he has thy small remainder found,

Shall say, I'll fly from hence, 'tis sure accursed ground.

IX.

Then shall the savages and beasts of prey

From their deserted mountains haste away;

Every obscene and vulgar beast

Shall be to Babylon a guest:

B b

Her

Her marble roofs, and every cedar room,
Shall dens and caves of state to nobler brutes become.

Thy courts of justice, and tribunals too,
(O irony to call them so!)

There, where the tyrant and oppressor bore
The spoils of innocence and blood before;
There shall the wolf and savage tiger meet,
And gripping vulture shall appear in state,
There birds of prey shall rule, and ravenous beasts be great.

Those uncorrupted shall remain,
Those shall alone their genuine use retain,
There Violence shall thrive, Rapine and Fraud shall
X. [reign.

Then shall the melancholy Satyrs groan,
O'er their lamented Babylon;
And ghosts that glide with horror by,
To view where their unbury'd bodies lie,
With doleful cries shall fill the air,
And with amazement strike th' affrighted traveller.

There the obscener birds of night,
Birds that in gloomy shades delight,
Shall solitude enjoy, live undisturb'd by light.

All the ill omens of the air
Shall scream their loud presages there.

But let them all their dire predictions tell,
Secure in ills, and fortify'd with woe,

Heaven shall in vain its future vengeance show:
For thou art happily insensible,

Beneath the reach of miseries fell,
Thou need'st no desolation dread, no greater curses fear.

TO

TO MR. CONGREVE.
 AN EPISTOLARY ODE, 1693.
 OCCASIONED BY "THE OLD BACHELOR."

I.

FAM'D wits and beauties share this common fate,
 To stand expos'd to public love and hate,
 In every breast they different passions raise,
 At once our envy, and our praise.
 For when, like you, some noble youth appears,
 For wit and humour fam'd above his years;
 Each emulous Muse, that views the laurel won,
 Must praise the worth so much transcends their own,
 And, while his fame they envy, add to his renown.
 But sure, like you, no youth could please,
 Nor at his first attempt boast such success:
 Where all mankind have fail'd, you glories won;
 Triumphant are in this alone,
 In this, have all the bards of old out-done.

II.

Then may'st thou rule our stage in triumph long!
 May'st thou its injur'd fame revive,
 And matchless proofs of wit and humour give,
 Reforming with thy scenes, and charming with thy song!
 And though a curse ill-fated wit pursues,
 And waits the fatal dowry of a Muse;
 Yet may thy rising fortunes be
 Secure from all the blasts of poetry;

372 YALDEN'S POEMS.

As thy own laurels flourishing appear,
Unfully'd still with cares, nor clogg'd with hope and fear!
As from its wants, be from its vices free,
From nauseous servile flattery;
Nor to a patron prostitute thy mind,
Though like Augustus great, as fam'd Mæcenæ kind.

III.

Though great in fame! believe me, generous youth,
Believe this oft-experienc'd truth,
Form him that knows thy virtues, and admires their worth.
Though thou 'rt above what vulgar poets fear,
Trust not th' ungrateful world too far;
Trust not the smiles of the inconstant town;
Trust not the plaudits of a theatre
(Which Dursley shall with Thee and Dryden share);
Nor to a stage's interest sacrifice thy own.
Thy genius, that 's for nobler things design'd,
May at loose hours oblige mankind:
Then, great as is thy fame, thy fortunes raise,
Join thriving interest to thy barren bays,
And teach the world to envy, as thou dost to praise.
The world, that does like common whores embrace,
Injurious still to those it does caress:
Injurious as the tainted breath of Fame,
That blasts a poet's fortunes, while it sounds his name.

IV.

When first a Muse inflames some youthful breast,
Like an unpractis'd virgin, still she 's kind:
Adorn'd with graces then, and beauties blest,
She charms the ear with fame, with raptures fills the mind.
Then

Then from all cares the happy youth is free,
 But those of love and poetry :
 Cares, still allay'd with pleasing charms,
 That crown the head with bays, with beauty fill the arms.
 But all a woman's frailties soon she shows,
 Too soon a stale domestic creature grows :
 Then, wedded to a Muse that's nauseous grown,
 We loath what we enjoy, drudge when the pleasure's gone.
 For, tempted with imaginary bays,
 Fed with immortal hopes and empty praise,
 He fame pursues, that fair and treacherous bait,
 Grows wise when he's undone, repents when 'tis too late.

V.

Small are the trophies of his boasted bays,
 The great man's promise for his flattering toil,
 Fame in reversion, and the public smile,
 All vainer than his hopes, uncertain as his praise.
 'Twas thus in mournful numbers heretofore,
 Neglected Spenser did his fate deplore :
 Long did his injur'd Muse complain,
 Admir'd in midst of wants, and charming still in vain.
 Long did the generous Cowley mourn,
 And long oblig'd the age without return.
 Deny'd what every wretch obtains of Fate,
 An humble roof, and an obscure retreat,
 Condemn'd to needy fame, and to be miserably great,
 Thus did the world thy great fore-fathers use;
 Thus all th' inspir'd bards before
 Did their hereditary ills deplore;
 From tuneful Chaucer's down to thy own Dryden's Muse.

VI.

Yet, pleas'd with gaudy ruin, youth will on,
 As proud by public fame to be undone;
 Pleas'd, though he does the worst of labours chuse,
 To serve a barbarous age, and an ungrateful Muse.
 Since Dryden's self, to Wit's great empire born,
 Whose genius and exalted name
 Triumph with all the spoils of Wit and Fame,
 Must, 'midst the loud applause, his barren laurels mourn.
 Ev'n that fam'd man, whom all the world admires,
 Whom every Grace adorns, and Muse inspires,
 Like the great injur'd Tasso, shows
 Triumphant in the midst of woes;
 In all his wants, majestic still appears,
 Charming the age to which he owes his cares,
 And cherishing that Muse whose fatal curse he bears.

T H E I N S E C T.

A G A I N S T B U L K.

"Inest sua gratia parvis."

WHERE greatness is to Nature's works deny'd,
 In worth and beauty it is well supply'd:
 In a small space the more perfection 's shown,
 And what is exquisite in little 's done.
 Thus beams, contracted in a narrow glass,
 To flames convert their larger useless rays.
 'Tis Nature's smallest products please the eye,
 Whilst greater births pass unregarded by;

Her monsters seem a violence to sight;
 They 're form'd for terror, insects to delight.
 Thus, when she nicely frames a piece of art,
 Fine are her strokes, and small in every part;
 No labour can she boast more wonderful
 Than to inform an atom with a soul;
 To animate her little beauteous fly,
 And cloath it in her gaudiest drapery.

Thus does the little epigram delight,
 And charm us with its miniature of wit;
 Whilst tedious authors give the reader pain,
 Weary his thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
 When in less volumes we more pleasure find,
 And what diverts, still best informs the mind.

'Tis the small insect looks correct and fair,
 And seems the product of her nicest care.
 When, weary'd out with the stupendous weight
 Of forming prodigies and brutes of state;
 Then she the insect frames, her master-piece,
 Made for diversion, and design'd to please.

Thus Archimedes, in his crystal sphere,
 Seem'd to correct the World's Artificer:
 Whilst the large globe moves round with long delay,
 His beauteous orbs in nimbler circles play:
 This seem'd the nobler labour of the two,
 Great was the sphere above, but fine below.

Thus smallest things have a peculiar grace,
 The great w' admire, but 'tis the little please;
 Then, since the least so beautifully show,
 B' advis'd in time, my Muse, and learn to know
 A Poet's lines should be correct and few.

TO HIS FRIEND

CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN,

In Love with a Lady he had taken in an Algerine
Prize at Sea.

In Allusion to HORACE 2 Od. iv.

I.

TIS no disgrace, brave youth; to own
By a Fair Slave you are undone :
Why dost thou blush to hear that name,
And stifle thus a generous flame ?
Did not the fair Briseïs heretofore
With powerful charms subdue ?
What though a captive, still she bore
Those eyes that freedom could restore,
And make her haughty lord, the proud Achilles, bow.

II.

Stern Ajax, though renown'd in arms,
Did yield to bright Tecmeffa's charms :
And all the laurels he had won
As trophies at her feet were thrown.
When, beautiful in tears, he view'd the mourning fair,
The hero felt her power :
Though great in camps, and fierce in war,
Her softer looks he could not bear,
Proud to become her slave, though late her conqueror.

III. When

III.

When beauty in distress appears,
 An irresistible charm it bears :
 In every breast does pity move,
 Pity, the tenderest part of love.
 Amidst his triumphs great Atrides sued,
 Unto a weeping maid :
 Though Troy was by his arms subdued,
 And Greece the bloody trophies view'd,
 Yet at a captive's feet th' imploring victor laid.

IV.

Think not thy charming maid can be
 Of a base stock, and mean degree ;
 Her shape, her air, her every grace,
 A more than vulgar birth confess :
 Yes, yes, my friend, with royal blood she's great,
 Sprung from some monarch's bed ;
 Now mourns her family's hard fate,
 Her mighty fall and abject state,
 And her illustrious race conceals with noble pride.

V.

Ah, think not an ignoble house
 Could such a heroine produce ;
 Nor think such generous sprightly blood
 Could flow from the corrupted crowd ;
 But view her courage, her undaunted mind,
 And soul with virtues crown'd ;
 Where dazzling interest cannot blind,
 Nor youth nor gold admittance find,
 But still her honour's fix'd, and virtue keeps its ground.

VI. View

VI.

View well her great majestic air,
 And modest looks divinely fair;
 Too bright for fancy to improve,
 And worthy of thy noblest love.
 But yet suspect not thy officious friend,
 All jealous thoughts remove;
 Though I with youthful heat commend,
 For thee I all my wishes send,
 And if she makes thee blest, 'tis all I ask of Love!

T O M R. W A T S O N,

On his EPHEMERIS of the CELESTIAL MOTIONS,
 presented to Her MAJESTY.

ART, when in full perfection, is design'd
 To please the eye, or to inform the mind:
 This nobler piece performs the double part,
 With graceful beauty and instructive art.
 Since the great Archimedes' sphere was lost,
 The noblest labour finish'd it could boast;
 No generous hand durst that fam'd model trace,
 Which Greece admir'd, and Rome could only praise.
 This you, with greater lustre, have restor'd,
 And taught those arts we ignorantly ador'd:
 Motion in full perfection here you've shown,
 And what mankind despair'd to reach, have done.
 In artful frames your heavenly bodies move,
 Scarce brighter in their beauteous orbs above;

And

And stars, depriv'd of all malignant flames,
Here court the eye with more auspicious beams :
In graceful order the just planets rise,
And here complete their circles in the skies ;
Here 's the full concert of revolving spheres,
And heaven in bright epitome appears.

With charms the ancients did invade the Moon,
And from her orb compell'd her struggling down ;
But here 's she's taught a nobler change by you,
And moves with pride in this bright sphere below :
While your celestial bodies thus I view,
They give me bright ideas of the true ;
Inspir'd by them, my thoughts dare upward move,
And visit regions of the blest above.

Thus from your hand w' admire the globe in small,
A copy fair as its original :
This labour 's to the whole creation just,
Second to none, and rival to the first.
The artful spring, like the diffusive soul,
Informs the machine, and directs the whole :
Like Nature's self, it fills the spacious throne,
And unconfin'd sways the fair orbs alone ;
Th' unactive parts with awful silence wait,
And from its nod their birth of motion date :
Like Chaos, they obey the powerful call,
Move to its sound, and into measures fall.

THE RAPE OF THEUTILLA.

Imitated from the Latin of FAMIANUS STRADA.

THE INTRODUCTORY ARGUMENT.

Theutilla, a fair young virgin, who, to avoid the addresses of those many admirers her beauty drew about her, assumed the habit of a religious order, and wholly withdrew herself from the eye and converse of the world: but the common report of her beauty had so inflamed Amalis (a young person of quality) with love, that one night, in a debauch of wine, he commands his servants to force her dormitory, and bear off, though by violence, the lovely votarefs; which having successfully performed, they bring Theutilla to their expecting lord's apartment, the scene of the ensuing Poem.

SOON as the tyrant her bright form survey'd,
He grew inflam'd with the fair captive maid:
A graceful sorrow in her looks she bears;
Lovely with grief, and beautiful in tears;
Her mein and air resistless charms impart,
Forcing an easy passage to his heart:
Long he devours her beauties with his eyes,
While through his glowing veins th' infection flies;
Swifter than lightning to his breast it came,
Like that, a fair, but a destructive flame.

E H T

Yet

Yet she, though in her young and blooming state,
 Possess a soul, beyond a virgin's, great;
 No charms of youth her colder bosom move,
 Chaste were her thoughts, and most averse to love:
 And as some timorous hind in toils betray'd,
 Thus in his arms strove the resisting maid;
 Thus did she combat with his strict embrace,
 And spurn'd the guilty cause of her disgrace.
 Revenge she courted, but despair'd to find
 A strength and vigour equal to her mind;
 While checks of shame her willing hands restrain,
 Since all a virgin's force is her disdain:
 Yet her resolves are nobly fix'd to die
 Rather than violate her chastity,
 Than break her vows to heaven, than blot her fame,
 Or soil her beauties with a lustful flame.

The night from its meridian did decline,
 An hour propitious to the black design:
 When sleep and rest their peaceful laws maintain,
 And o'er the globe b' infectious silence reign;
 While death-like slumbers every bosom seize,
 Unbend our minds, and weary'd bodies ease:
 Now fond Amalis finds his drooping breast
 Heavy with wine, with amorous cares oppress;
 Not all the joys expecting lovers feel
 Can from his breast the drowsy charm repel;
 In vain from wine his passion seeks redress,
 Whose treacherous force the flame it rais'd betrays:
 Weak and unnerv'd his useless limbs became,
 Bending beneath their ill-supported frame;

Vanquish'd by that repose from which he flies,
Now slumbers close his unconsenting eyes.

But sad Theutilla's cares admit no rest,
Repose is banish'd from her mournful breast;
A faithful guard does injur'd virtue keep,
And from her weary limbs repulses sleep.
Oft she reflects with horror on the rape,
Oft tries each avenue for her escape;
Though still repulse upon repulse she bears,
And finds no passage but for sighs and tears:
Then, with the wildness of her soul let loose,
And all the fury that her wrongs infuse;
She weeps, she raves, she rends her flowing hair,
Wild in her grief, and raging with despair,
At length her restless thoughts an utterance find,
And vent the anguish of her labouring mind:
Whilst all dissolv'd in calmer tears she said,
" Shall I again be to his arms betray'd!
" Again the toil of loath'd embraces bear,
" And for some blacker scene of lust prepare!
" First may his bed my guiltless grave become,
" His marble roof my unpolluted tomb;
" Then, just to honour, and unstain'd in fame,
" The urn that hides my dust conceals my shame.
" Heaven gave me virtue, woman's frail defence,
" And beauty to molest that innocence:
" In vain I call my virtue to my aid,
" When thus by treacherous beauty I'm betray'd.
" Yet to this hour my breast no crime has known,
" But, coldly chaste, with virgin brightness shone,
" As now unfully'd by a winter's sun.

" Not

" Not arts, nor ruder force of men prevail'd,
 " My tears found pity, when my language fail'd.
 " Oft have these violated locks been torn,
 " And injur'd face their savage fury borne;
 " Oft have my bloody robes their crimes confess,
 " And pointed daggers glitter'd at my breast;
 " Yet, free from guilt, I found some happier charm
 " To vanquish lust, and wildest rage disarm.
 " But ah! the greatest labour's yet behind;
 " No tears can soften this obdurate mind:
 " No prayers inexorable pity move,
 " Or guard me from the worst of ruins, Love:
 " Though sleep and wine allow this kind reprieve,
 " Yet to the youth they'll strength and fury give;
 " Then, wretched maid! then think what artifice,
 " What charm, shall rescue from his nerv'd embrace!
 " When with supplies of vigour next he storms,
 " And every dictate of his lust performs.
 " But you, blest Power, that own a virgin's name,
 " Protect my virtue, and defend my fame,
 " From powerful lust, and the reproach of shame;
 " If I a strict religious life have led,
 " Drunk the cold stream, and made the earth my bed!
 " If from the world a chaste recluse I live,
 " Redress my wrongs, and generous succour give;
 " Allay this raging tempest of my mind,
 " A virgin should be to a virgin kind:
 " Prostrate with tears from you I beg defence,
 " Or take my life, or guard my innocence."
 While thus th' afflicted beauty pray'd, she spy'd
 A fatal dagger by Amalis' side:

"This weapon's mine!" she cries. (then grasp'd it fast)
 "And now the lustful tyrant sleeps his last."

With eager hand the pointed steel she draws,
 Ev'n murder pleases in so just a cause;
 Nor fears, nor dangers, now resistance make,
 Since honour, life, and dearer fame, 's at stake.

Yet in her breast does kind compassion plead,
 And fills her soul with horror of the deed;
 Her sex's tenderness resumes its place,
 And spreads in conscious blushes o'er her face.

Now, stung with the remorse of guilt, she cries,
 "Ah, frantic girl, what wild attempt is this!"

"Think, think, Theutilla, on the murderer's doom,
 "And tremble at a punishment to come:

"Stain not thy virgin hands with guilty blood,
 "And dread to be so criminally good.

"Lay both thy courage and thy weapon down,
 "Nor fly to aids a maid must blush to own;

"Nor arms, nor valour, with thy sex agree,
 "They wound thy fame, and taint thy modesty."

Thus different passions combat in her mind,
 Oft she's to pity, oft to rage inclin'd:

Now from her hand the hated weapon's cast,
 Then seiz'd again with more impetuous haste:

Unfix'd her wishes, her resolves are vain,
 What she attempts, she straight rejects again;

Her looks, the emblems of her thoughts, appear
 Vary'd with rage, with pity, and despair:

Alone her fears incline to no extreme,
 Equally poiz'd betwixt revenge and shame.

At

At length, with more prevailing rage possess,
 Her jealous honour steels her daring breast :
 The thoughts of injur'd fame new courage gave,
 And nicer virtue now confirms her brave.
 Then the fam'd Judith her whole mind employs,
 Urges her hand, and sooths the fatal choice :
 This great example pleas'd, inflam'd by this,
 With wild disorder to the youth she flies ;
 One hand she wreaths within his flowing hair,
 The other does the ready weapon bear :
 " Now guide me (cries) fair Hebrew, now look down,
 " And pity labours thou hast undergone.
 " Direct the hand that takes thy path to fame,
 " And be propitious to a virgin's name,
 " Whose glory 's but a refuge from her shame !"
 Thus rais'd by hopes, and arm'd with courage now,
 She with undaunted looks directs the blow :
 Deep in his breast the spacious wound she made,
 And to his heart dispatch'd th' unerring blade.

When their expiring lord the servants heard,
 Whose dying groans the fatal act declar'd,
 Like a fierce torrent, with no bounds they 're stay'd,
 But vent their rage on the defenceless maid :
 Not virtue, youth, nor beauty in distress,
 Can move their savage breasts to tenderness :
 But death with horrid torments they prepare,
 And to her fate th' undaunted virgin bear.
 Tortures and death seem lovely in her eyes,
 Since she to honour falls a sacrifice :
 Amidst her sufferings, still her mind is great,
 And, free from guilt, she triumphs o'er her fate.

But heaven, that's suffering virtue's sure reward,
 Exerts its power, and is itself her guard :
 Amalis, conscious of his black offence,
 Now feels remorse for her wrong'd innocence ;
 Though now he's struggling in the pangs of death,
 And all life's purple stream is ebbing forth :
 Yet, raising up his pale and drooping head,
 He recollects his spirits as they fled,
 And, with his last remains of voice, he said, }
 " Spare the chaste maid, your impious hands restrain,
 " Nor beauty with such insolence prophane :
 " Learn by my fate wrong'd innocence to spare,
 " Since injur'd virtue's heaven's peculiar care."

But you, brave virgin, now shall stand enrol'd
 Amongst the noblest heroines of old :
 Thy fam'd attempt, and celebrated hand,
 Shall lasting trophies of thy glory stand ;
 And, if my verse the just reward can give,
 Theutilla's name shall to new ages live.
 For to thy sex thou hast new honours won,
 And France now boasts a Judith of its own.

A N O D E
 FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1693.

I.

BEGIN, and strike th' harmonious lyre !
 Let the loud instruments prepare
 To raise our souls, and charm the ear,
 With joys which music only can inspire :

Hark

Hark how the willing strings obey!
 To consecrate this happy day,
 Sacred to Music, Love, and blest Cecilia.
 In lofty numbers, tuneful lays,
 We'll celebrate the virgin's praise:
 Her skilful hand first taught our strings to move,
 To her this sacred art we owe,
 Who first anticipated heaven below,
 And play'd the hymns on earth, that she now sings above.

II.

What moving charms each tuneful voice contains,
 Charms that through the willing ear
 A tide of pleasing raptures bear,
 And, with diffusive joys, run thrilling through our veins.
 The listening soul does sympathize,
 And with each vary'd note complies:
 • While gay and sprightly airs delight,
 Then free from cares, and unconfin'd,
 It takes, in pleasing ecstasies, its flight.
 With mournful sounds, a sadder garb it wears,
 Indulges grief, and gives a loose to tears.

III.

Music's the language of the blest above,
 No voice but Music's can express
 The joys that happy souls possess,
 Nor in just raptures tell the wondrous power of Love.
 'Tis Nature's dialect, design'd
 To charm, and to instruct the mind.
 Music's an universal good!

That does dispense its joys around,
 In all the elegance of sound,
 To be by men admir'd, by angels understood.

IV.

Let every restless passion cease to move !
 And each tumultuous thought obey
 The happy influence of this day,
 For Music's unity and love.
 Music's the soft indulger of the mind,
 The kind diverter of our care,
 The surest refuge mournful grief can find ;
 A cordial to the breast, and charm to every ear.
 Thus, when the prophet struck his tuneful lyre,
 Saul's evil genius did retire :
 In vain were remedies apply'd,
 In vain all other arts were try'd :
 His hand and voice alone the charm could find,
 To heal his body, and compose his mind.

V.

Now let the trumpet's louder voice proclaim
 A solemn jubilee :
 For ever sacred let it be,
 To skilful Jubal's, and Cecilia's name.
 Great Jubal, author of our lays,
 Who first the hidden charms of music found ;
 And through their airy paths did trace
 The secret springs of sound.
 When from his hollow chorded shell
 The soft melodious accents fell,
 With wonder and delight he play'd,
 While the harmonious strings his skilful hand obey'd.

VI. But

VI.

But fair Cecilia to a pitch divine

Improv'd her artful lays :

When to the organ she her voice did join,

In the Almighty's praise ;

Then choirs of listening angels stood around,

Admir'd her art, and blest the heavenly sound.

Her praise alone no tongue can reach,

But in the strains herself did teach :

Then let the voice and lyre combine,

And in a tuneful concert join ;

For music's her reward and care,

Above sh' enjoys it, and protects it here,

GRAND CHORUS.

Then kindly treat this happy day,

And grateful honours to Cecilia pay :

To her these lov'd harmonious rites belong,

To her that tunes our strings, and still inspires our song.

THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

To a Lady asking if her Sex was as sensible of
that Passion as Man.

An Allusion to

“O! quam cruentus Fœminas stimulat Dolor!”

SENECA, Hercules Octæus.

WHAT raging thoughts transport the woman's breast,
That is with love and jealousy possess'd !
More with revenge, than soft desires she burns,
Whose slighted passion meets no kind returns ;

That courts the youth with long-neglected charms,
And finds her rival happy in his arms!

Dread Scylla's rocks 'tis safer to engage,
And trust a storm, than her destructive rage :
Not waves, contending with a boisterous wind,
Threaten so loud, as her tempestuous mind :
For seas grow calm, and raging storms abate,
But most implacable 's a woman's hate :
Tigers and savages less wild appear,
Than that fond wretch abandon'd to despair.

Such were the transports Dejanira felt,
Stung with a rival's charms, and husband's guilt :
With such despair she view'd the captive maid,
Whose fatal love her Hercules betray'd ;
Th' unchaste Iöle, but divinely fair !
In love triumphant, though a slave in war ;
By nature lewd, and form'd for soft delight,
Gay as the spring, and fair as beams of light ;
Whose blooming youth would wildest rage disarm,
And every eye, but a fierce rival's, charm.

Fix'd with her grief the royal matron stood,
When the fair captive in his arms she view'd :
With what regret her beauties she survey'd,
And curst the power of the too lovely maid,
That reap'd the joys of her abandon'd bed !
Her furious looks with wild disorder glow,
Looks that her envy and resentment show !
To blast that fair detested form she tries,
And lightning darts from her distorted eyes.

Then o'er the palace of false Hercules,
With clamour and impetuous rage she flies ;

Late

Late a dear witness of their mutual flame,
But now th' unhappy object of her shame;
Whose conscious roof can yield her no relief,
But with polluted joys upbraids her grief.

Nor can the spacious court contain her now;
It grows a scene too narrow for her woe.
Loose and undrest all day she strays alone,
Does her abode and lov'd companions shun.
In woods complains, and sighs in every grove,
The mournful tale of her forsaken love.
Her thoughts to all th' extremes of frenzy fly,
Vary, but cannot ease her misery:
Whilst in her looks the lively forms appear,
Of envy, fondness, fury, and despair.

Her rage no constant face of sorrow wears,
Oft scornful smiles succeed loud sighs and tears,
Oft o'er her face the rising blushes spread,
Her glowing eye-balls turn with fury red:
Then pale and wan her alter'd looks appear,
Paler than guilt, and drooping with despair.
A tide of passions ebb and flow within,
And oft she shifts the melancholy scene:
Does all th' excess of woman's fury show,
And yields a large variety of woe.

Now calm as infants at the mother's breast,
Her grief in softest murmurs is express'd:
She speaks the tenderest things that pity move,
Kind are her looks, and languishing with love.
Then loud as storms, and raging as the wind,
She gives a loose to her distemper'd mind:

With shrieks and groans she fills the air around,
And makes the palace her loud griefs resound.

Wild with her wrongs, she like a fury strays,
A fury, more than wife of Hercules :
Her motion, looks, and voice, proclaim her woes ;
While sighs, and broken words, her wilder thoughts
disclose.

TO HIS PERJURED MISTRESS.

“ Nox erat, & cœlo fulgebat luna sereno,” &c.

IT was one evening, when the rising moon
Amidst her train of stars distinctly shone ;
Serene and calm was the inviting night,
And heaven appear'd in all its lustre bright ;
When you, Næra, you, my perjur'd fair,
Did, to abuse the gods and me, prepare.
'Twas then you swore---remember, faithless maid,
With what endearing arts you then betray'd :
Remember all the tender things that past,
When round my neck your willing arms were cast.
The circling ivys, when the oaks they join,
Seem loose, and coy, to those fond arms of thine.

Believe, you cry'd, this solemn vow believe,
The noblest pledge that Love and I can give ;
Or, if there's ought more sacred here below,
Let that confirm my oath to heaven and you.
If e'er my breast a guilty flame receives,
Or covets joys but what thy presence gives ;

May

May every injur'd power assert thy cause,
And Love avenge his violated laws :
While cruel beasts of prey infest the plain,
And tempests rage upon the faithless main ;
While sighs and tears shall listening virgins move ;
So long, ye powers, will fond Næra love.

Ah, faithless charmer, lovely perjur'd maid !
Are thus my vows and generous flame repaid ?
Repeated slights I have too tamely bore,
Still doated on, and still been wrong'd the more.
Why do I listen to that Syren's voice,
Love ev'n thy crimes, and fly to guilty joys ?
Thy fatal eyes my best resolves betray,
My fury melts in soft desires away :
Each look, each glance, for all thy crimes atone,
Elude my rage, and I'm again undone.

But if my injur'd soul dares yet be brave,
Unless I'm fond of shame, confirm'd a slave,
I will be deaf to that enchanting tongue,
Nor on thy beauties gaze away my wrong.
At length I'll loath each prostituted grace,
Nor court the leavings of a cloy'd embrace ;
But shew, with manly rage, my soul's above
The cold returns of thy exhausted love.
Then thou shalt justly mourn at my disdain,
Find all thy arts and all thy charms in vain :
Shalt mourn, whilst I, with nobler flames, pursue
Some nymph as fair, though not unjust, as you ;
Whose wit and beauty shall like thine excel,
But far surpass in truth, and loving well.

But

But wretched thou, whoe'er my rival art,
 That fondly boasts an empire o'er her heart;
 Thou that enjoy'st the fair inconstant prize,
 And vainly triumph'st with my victories;
 Unenvy'd now, o'er all her beauties rove,
 Enjoy thy ruin, and Neera's love:
 Though wealth and honours grace thy nobler birth,
 To bribe her love, and fix a wandering faith;
 Though every grace and every virtue join,
 T' enrich thy mind, and make thy form divine:
 Yet blest, with endless charms, too soon you'll prove
 The treacheries of false Neera's love.
 Lost and abandon'd by th' ungrateful fair,
 Like me you'll love, be injur'd, and despair.
 When left th' unhappy object of her scorn,
 Then shall I smile to see the victor mourn,
 Laugh at thy fate, and triumph in my turn.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

"Integer vitæ," &c.

THE man that's uncorrupt, and free from guilt,
 That the remorse of secret crimes ne'er felt:
 Whose breast was ne'er debauch'd with sin,
 But finds all calm, and all at peace within:
 In his integrity secure,
 He fears no danger, dreads no power:
 Useless are arms for his defence,
 That keeps a faithful guard of innocence.

II. Secure

II.

Secure the happy innocent may rove,
 The care of every power above ;
 Although unarm'd he wanders o'er
 The treacherous Libya's sands, and faithless shore :
 Though o'er th' inhospitable brows
 Of savage Caucasus he goes ;
 Through Africk's flames, through Scythia's snows,
 Or where Hydaspes, fam'd for monsters, flows.

III.

For as, within an unfrequented grove,
 I tun'd my willing lyre to love,
 With pleasing amorous thoughts betray'd,
 Beyond my bounds insensibly I stray'd ;
 A wolf that view'd me fled away,
 He fled from his defenceless prey ?
 When I invok'd Maria's aid,
 Although unarm'd, the trembling monster fled.

IV.

Not Daunia's teeming sands, nor barbarous shore,
 E'er such a dreadful native bore,
 Nor Africk's nursing caves brought forth
 So fierce a beast, of such amazing growth :
 Yet vain did all his fury prove
 Against a breast that 's arm'd with love ;
 Though absent, fair Maria's name
 Subdues the fierce, and makes the savage tame.

V.

Commit me now to that abandon'd place
 Where chearful light withdraws its rays ;

No beams on barren nature smile,
 Nor fruitful winds refresh th' intemperate soil;
 But tempests, with eternal frosts,
 Still rage around the gloomy coast:
 Whilst angry Jove infests the air,
 And, black with clouds, deforms the fullen year.

VI.

Or place me now beneath the torrid zone,
 To live a borderer on the sun:
 Send me to scorching sands, whose heat
 Guards the destructive soil from human feet:
 Yet there I'll sing Maria's name,
 And sport, uninjur'd, midst the flame:
 Maria's name! that will create, ev'n there,
 A milder climate, and more temperate air.

PATROCLUS's Request to ACHILLES for his Arms.

Imitated from the Beginning of the Sixteenth
 ILIAD of HOMER.

DIVINE Achilles, with compassion mov'd,
 Thus to Patroclus spake, his best-belov'd.
 Why like a tender girl dost thou complain!
 That strives to reach the mother's breast in vain;
 Mourns by her side, her knees embraces fast,
 Hangs on her robes, and interrupts her haste;
 Yet, when with fondness to her arms she's rais'd,
 Still mourns and weeps, and will not be appeas'd!
 Thus my Patroclus in his grief appears,
 Thus like a froward girl profuse of tears.

From

From Phthia dost thou mournful tidings hear,
 And to thy friend some fatal message bear?
 Thy valiant father (if we fame believe)
 The good Menætiſus, he is yet alive:
 And Peleus, though in his declining days,
 Reigns o'er his Myrmidons in health and peace;
 Yet, as their lateſt obſequies we paid,
 Thou mourn'ſt them living, as already dead.

Or thus with tears the Grecian hoſt deplore,
 That with their navy periſh on the ſhore;
 And with compaſſion their miſfortunes view,
 The juſt reward to guilt and falſehood due?
 Impartial heaven avenges thus my wrong,
 Nor ſuffers crimes to go unpuniſh'd long.
 Reveal the cauſe ſo much afflicts thy mind,
 Nor thus conceal thy ſorrows from thy friend.

When, gently raiſing up his drooping head,
 Thus, with a ſigh, the ſad Patroclus ſaid,
 Godlike Achilles, Peleus' valiant ſon!
 Of all our chiefs, the greateſt in renown;
 Upbraid not thus th' afflicted with their woes,
 Nor triumph now the Greeks ſuſtain ſuch loſs!
 To pity let thy generous breaſt incline,
 And ſhow thy mind is like thy birth divine.
 For all the valiant leaders of their hoſt,
 Or wounded lie, or are in battle loſt.
 Ulyſſes great in arms, and Diomede,
 Languish with wounds, and in the navy bleed:
 This common fate great Agamemnon ſhares,
 And ſtern Eurypylus, renown'd in wars,

Whilst

Whilst powerful drugs th' experienc'd artists try,
 And to their wounds apt remedies apply :
 Easing th' afflicted heroes with their skill,
 Thy breast alone remains implacable !

What, will thy fury thus for ever last !
 Let present woes atone for injuries past :
 How can thy soul retain such lasting hate !
 Thy virtues are as useless as they're great.
 What injur'd friend from thee shall hope redress,
 That will not aid the Greeks in such distress ?
 Useless is all the valour that you boast,
 Deform'd with rage, with sullen fury lost.

Could cruelty like thine from Peleus come,
 Or be the offspring of fair Thetis' womb !
 Thee raging seas, thee boisterous waves brought forth,
 And to obdurate rocks thou ow'st thy birth !
 Thy stubborn nature still retains their kind,
 So hard thy heart, so savage is thy mind.

But, if thy boding breast admits of fear,
 Or dreads what sacred oracles declare !
 What awful Thetis in the courts above
 Receiv'd from the unerring mouth of Jove !
 If so----let me the threatening dangers face,
 And head the warlike squadrons in thy place :
 Whilst me thy valiant Myrmidons obey,
 We yet may turn the fortune of the day.
 Let me in thy distinguish'd arms appear,
 With all thy dreadful equipage of war ;
 That when the Trojans our approaches view,
 Deceiv'd, they shall retreat, and think 'tis you.

Thus,

Thus, from the rage of an insulting host,
 We may retrieve that fame the Greeks have lost;
 Vigorous and fresh, th' unequal fight renew,
 And from our navy force the drooping foe;
 O'er harass'd men an easy conquest gain,
 And drive the Trojans to their walls again.

On the re-printing MILTON's Prose Works,
 with his POEMS written in his PARADISE LOST.

THESE sacred lines with wonder we peruse,
 And praise the flights of a seraphic Muse,
 Till thy seditious prose provokes our rage,
 And soils the beauties of thy brightest page.
 Thus here we see transporting scenes arise,
 Heaven's radiant host, and opening paradise;
 Then trembling view the dread abyss beneath,
 Hell's horrid mansions, and the realms of death.

Whilst here thy bold majestic numbers rise,
 And range th' embattled legions of the skies,
 With armies fill the azure plains of light,
 And paint the lively terrors of the fight,
 We own the poet worthy to rehearse
 Heaven's lasting triumphs in immortal verse:
 But when thy impious mercenary pen
 Insults the best of princes, best of men,
 Our admiration turns to just disdain,
 And we revoke the fond applause again.

Like the fall'n angels in their happy state,
 Thou shar'dst their nature, insolence, and fate :
 To harps divine, immortal hymns they sung,
 As sweet thy voice, as sweet thy lyre was strung.
 As they did rebels to th' Almighty grow,
 So thou prophan'st his image here below.
 Apostate bard ! may not thy guilty ghost,
 Discover to its own eternal cost,
 That as they heaven, thou paradise hast lost !

T O

SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH,

ON THE MINES, LATE OF SIR CARBERY PRICE.

WHAT spacious veins enrich the British soil;
 The various ores, and skilful miner's toil ;
 How ripening metals lie conceal'd in earth,
 And teeming Nature forms the wondrous birth;
 My useful verse, the first, transmits to fame,
 In numbers tun'd, and no unhallow'd flame.

O generous Mackworth ! could the Muse impart
 A labour worthy thy auspicious art ;
 Like thee succeed in paths untrod before,
 And secret treasures of the land explore.
 Apollo's self should on the labour smile,
 And Delphos quit for Britain's fruitful isle.

Where fair Sabrina flows around the coast,
 And aged Dovey in the ocean's lost,

Her

TO SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH. 401

Her lofty brows unconquer'd Britain rears,
 And fenc'd with rocks impregnable appears :
 Which like the well-fix'd bars of nature show,
 To guard the treasures she conceals below.
 For Earth, distorted with her pregnant womb,
 Heaves up to give the forming embryo room :
 Hence vast excrescences of hills arise,
 And mountains swell to a portentous size.
 Louring and black the rugged coast appears,
 The sullen earth a gloomy surface wears ;
 Yet all beneath, deep as the centre, shines
 With native wealth, and more than India's mines.
 Thus erring Nature her defects supplies,
 Indulgent oft to what her sons despise :
 Oft in a rude, unfinish'd form, we find
 The noblest treasure of a generous mind.
 Thrice happy land ! from whose indulgent womb,
 Such unexhausted stores of riches come !
 By heaven belov'd ! form'd by auspicious fate,
 To be above thy neighbouring nations great !
 Its golden sands no more shall Tagus boast,
 In Dovey's flood his rival'd empire's lost ;
 Whose waters now a nobler fund maintain,
 To humble France, and check the pride of Spain.
 Like Egypt's Nile the bounteous current shows,
 Dispersing blessings wherefoe'er it flows ;
 Whose native treasure 's able to repair
 The long expences of our Gallic war.
 The ancient Britons are a hardy race,
 Averse to luxury and slothful ease ;

D d

Their

Their necks beneath a foreign yoke ne'er bow'd,
 In war unconquer'd, and of freedom proud;
 With minds resolv'd they lasting toils endure,
 Unmix'd their language, and their manners pure.
 Wisely does Nature such an offspring chuse,
 Brave to defend her wealth, and slow to use.
 Where thirst of empire ne'er inflames their veins,
 Nor avarice, nor wild ambition reigns:
 But, low in mines, they constant toils renew,
 And through the earth their branching veins pursue.
 As when some navy on th' Iberian coast,
 Chac'd by the winds, is in the ocean lost;
 To Neptune's realms a new supply it brings,
 The strength design'd of European kings:
 Contending divers would the wreck regain,
 And make reprisals on the grasping main:
 Wild in pursuit they are endanger'd more,
 Than when they combated the storms before.
 The miner thus through perils digs his way,
 Equal to theirs, and deeper than the sea;
 Drawing, in pestilential steams, his breath,
 Resolv'd to conquer, though he combats death.
 Night's gloomy realms his pointed steel invades,
 The courts of Pluto, and infernal shades:
 He cuts through mountains, subterraneous lakes,
 Plying his work, each nervous stroke he takes
 Loosens the earth, and the whole cavern shakes.
 Thus, with his brawny arms, the Cyclops stands,
 To form Jove's lightning with uplifted hands;

The

TO SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH. 403

The ponderous hammer with a force descends,
Loud as the thunder which his art intends ;
And as he strikes, with each resistless blow
The anvil yields, and Ætna groans below.

Thy fam'd inventions, Mackworth, most adorn
The miner's art, and make the best return :
Thy speedy sails, and useful engines, show
A genius richer than the mines below.
Thousands of slaves unskill'd Peru maintains ;
The hands that labour still exhaust the gains :
The winds, thy slaves, their useful succour join,
Convey thy ore, and labour at thy mine ;
Instructed by thy arts, a power they find
To vanquish realms, where once they lay confin'd.

Downward, my Muse, direct thy steepy flight,
Where smiling shades and beauteous realms invite ;
I first of British bards invoke thee down,
And first with wealth thy graceful temples crown,
Through dark retreats pursue the winding ore,
Search Nature's depths, and view her boundless store ;
The secret cause in tuneful measures sing,
How metals first are fram'd, and whence they spring.
Whether the active sun, with chemic flames,
Through porous earth transmits his genial beams ;
With heat impregnating the womb of night,
The offspring shines with its paternal light :
On Britain's isle propitiously he shines,
With joy descends, and labours in her mines.
Or whether, urg'd by subterraneous flames,
The earth ferments, and flows in liquid streams ;

Purg'd from their dross, the nobler parts refine,
Receive new forms, and with fresh beauties shine.
Thus fluid parts, unknowing how to burn,
With cold congeal'd, to solid metals turn :
For metals only from devouring flame
Preserve their beauty, and return the same ;
Both art and force the well-wrought mass disdains,
And 'midst the fire its native form retains.
Or whether by creation first they sprung,
When yet unpois'd the world's great fabric hung :
Metals the basis of the earth were made,
The bars on which its fix'd foundation 's laid :
All second causes they disdain to own,
And from th' Almighty's Fiat sprung alone.

Nature in specious beds preserves her store,
And keeps unmix'd the well-compacted ore ;
The spreading root a numerous race maintains
Of branching limbs, and far-extended veins :
Thus, from its watery store, a spring supplies
The lesser streams that round its fountain rise ;
Which bounding out in fair meanders play,
And o'er the meads in different currents stray.

Methinks I see the rounded metal spread,
To be ennobled with our monarch's head :
About the globe th' admired coin shall run,
And make the circle of its parent sun.

How are thy realms, triumphant Britain, blest !
Enrich'd with more than all the distant west !
Thy sons, no more betray'd with hopes of gain,
Shall tempt the dangers of a faithless main,

Traffic

Traffic no more abroad for foreign spoil,
 Supplied with richer from their native soil.
 To Dovey's flood shall numerous traders come,
 Employ'd to fetch the British bullion home,
 To pay their tributes to its bounteous shore,
 Returning laden with the Cambrian ore.
 Her absent fleet Potofi's race shall mourn,
 And wish in vain to see our sails return;
 Like misers heaping up their useless store,
 Starv'd with their wealth, amidst their riches poor.
 Where-e'er the British banners are display'd,
 The suppliant nations shall implore our aid:
 Till, thus compell'd, the greater worlds confess
 Themselves oblig'd, and succour'd by the less.

How Cambria's mines were to her offspring known,
 Thus sacred verse transmits the story down:
 Merlin, a bard of the inspired train,
 With mystic numbers charm'd the British plain;
 Belov'd by Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine,
 His song was sacred, and his art divine:
 As on Sabrina's fruitful banks he stood,
 His wondrous verse restrain'd the listening flood;
 The stream's bright Goddess rais'd her awful head,
 And to her cave the artful shepherd led.
 Her swift-descending steps the youth pursues,
 And rich in ore the spacious mountain views.
 In beds distinct the well rang'd metals lay,
 Dispersing rays, and counterfeiting day.
 The silver, shedding beams of orient light,
 Struck with too fierce a glare his aking sight;

Like rising flames the ruddy copper show'd,
And spread its blushes o'er the dark abode :
Profuse of rays, and with unrival'd beams,
The liquid silver flow'd in restless streams :
Nor India's sparkling gems are half so bright,
Nor waves above, that shine with heavenly light;
When thus the Goddess spake : Harmonious Youth,
Rever'd for numbers fraught with sacred truth !
Belov'd by heaven ! attend while I relate
The fix'd decree, and dark events of fate.
Conceal'd these treasures lie in Nature's womb,
For future times, and ages yet to come.
When many long revolving years are run,
A hero shall ascend the British throne,
Whose numerous triumphs shall Augusta grace,
In arms renown'd, ador'd for plenteous peace.
Beneath his sway a generous youth shall rise,
With virtues blest, in happy councils wise;
Rich with the spoils of Learning's various store,
Commanding arts, yet still acquiring more.
He, with success, shall enter this abode,
And nature trace in paths before untrod ;
The smiling offspring from her womb remove,
And with her entrails glad the realms above.
O youth, reserv'd by more auspicious fate,
With fam'd improvements to oblige the state !
By wars impoverish'd, Albion mourns no more,
Thy well-wrought mines forbid her to be poor
The earth, thy great exchequer, ready lies,
Which all defect of failing funds supplies ;

Thou

TO SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH. 407

Thou shalt a nation's pressing wants relieve,
Not war can lavish more than thou canst give.

This, Mackworth, fixes thy immortal name,
The Muse's darling, and the boast of fame ;
No greater virtues on record shall stand,
Than thus with arts to grace, with wealth enrich the land.

Dd4

OVID'S

OVID'S
ART OF LOVE.

BOOK THE SECOND*.

NOW Io Pæan sing ! now wreaths prepare !
And with repeated Ios fill the air :
The prey is fall'n in my successful toils,
My artful nets inclose the lovely spoils :
My numbers now, ye smiling lovers, crown, 5
And make your poet deathless in renown :
With lasting fame my verse shall be inroll'd,
And I peferr'd to all the Bards of old.
Thus Paris from the warlike Spartans bore
Their ravish'd bride ; to Ida's distant shore 10
Victorious Pelops thus in triumph drove
The vanquish'd maid, and thus enjoy'd his love.
Stay, eager youth ! your bark 's but under'fail ;
The distant port requires a prosperous gale.
'Tis not enough the yielding beauty's found, 15
And with my aid your artful passion crown'd ;

* The FIRST Book of Ovid's " Art of Love," is printed in this Collection, among the poems of Mr. DRYDEN ; the THIRD, among those of Mr. CONGREVE. Mr. POPE's hand-writing enables us to ascribe the SECOND to Dr. YALDEN. N.

The

BOOK II. OVID'S ART OF LOVE. 409

The conquests our successful conduct gain'd,
With art must be secur'd, by arts maintain'd.
The glory's more to guard, than win the prize;
There all the toil and threatening danger lies. 20
If ever, Cupid, now indulgent prove,
O Venus! aid; thou charming Queen of Love!
Kind Erato, let thy auspicious name
Inspire the work, and raise my generous flame.
The labour's great! a method I design 25
For Love; and will the fetter'd god confine:
The god that roves the spacious world around,
In every clime, and distant region found;
Active and light, his wings elude our guard,
And to confine a deity is hard: 30
His guest from flight Minos inclos'd around,
Yet he with wings a daring passage found.
Thus Dædalus her offspring first confin'd:
Who with a bull in lewd embraces join'd:
Her teeming womb the horrid crime confess'd; 35
Big with a human bull, half man, half beast.
Said he, just Minos, best of human-kind,
Thy mercy let a prostrate exile find.
By fates compell'd my native shores to fly,
Permit me, where I durst not live, to die. 40
Enlarge my son, if you neglect my tears,
And show compassion to his blooming years:
Let not the youth a long confinement mourn,
Oh free the son, or let his fire return!
Thus he implor'd, but still implor'd in vain, 45
Nor could the freedom that he sought, obtain.

Convinc'd

Convinc'd at length : Now, Dædalus, he cry'd,
 Here 's subject for thy art that 's yet untry'd,
 Minos the earth commands, and guards the sea,
 No pass the land affords, the deep no way : 50
 Heaven 's only free, we'll heaven's auspicious height
 Attempt to pass, where kinder fates invite!
 Favour, ye powers above, my daring flight;
 Misfortunes oft prove to invention kind,
 Instruct our wit, and aid the labouring mind : 55
 For who can credit men, in wild despair,
 Should force a passage through the yielding air!
 Feathers for wings design'd the artist chose,
 And bound with thread his forming pinions close :
 With temper'd wax the pointed ends he wrought, 60
 And to perfection his new labours brought.
 The finish'd wings his smiling offspring views,
 Admires the work, not conscious of their use :
 To whom the father said, Observe aright,
 Observe, my son, these instruments of flight. 65
 In vain the tyrant our escape retards,
 The heavens he cannot, all but heaven he guards ;
 Though earth and seas elude thy father's care,
 These wings shall waft us through the spacious air.
 Nor shall my son celestial-signs survey, 70
 Far from the radiant Virgin take your way :
 Or where Bootes the chill'd north commands,
 And with his fauchion dread Orion stands ;
 I'll go before, me still retain in sight,
 Where-e'er I lead, securely make your flight. 75

For

BOOK II. OVID'S ART OF LOVE. 411

For should we upward soar too near the sun,
Dissolv'd with heat, the liquid wax will run :
Or near the seas an humbler flight maintain,
Our plumes will suffer by the steaming main.
A medium keep, the winds observe aright : 80
The winds will aid your advantageous flight.
He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him long,
As careful birds instruct their tender young :
The spreading wings then to his shoulders bound,
His body pois'd, and rais'd him from the ground. 85
Prepar'd for flight, his aged arms embrace
The tender youth, whilst tears o'erflow his face.
A hill there was, from whence the anxious pair
Essay'd their wings, and forth they lanch'd in air :
Now his expanded plumes the artist plies, 90
Regards his son, and leads along the skies ;
Pleas'd with the novelty of flight, the boy
Bounds in the air, and upward springs with joy.
The angler views them from the distant strand,
And quits the labours of his trembling hand. 95
Samos they pass, and Naxos in their flight,
And Delos, with Apollo's presence bright.
Now on their right Lebinthos' shores they found,
For fruitful lakes and shady groves renown'd.
When the aspiring boy forgot his fears, 100
Rash with hot youth and unexperienc'd years :
Upwards he soar'd, maintain'd a lofty stroke,
And his directing father's way forsook.
The wax, of heat impatient, melted run,
Nor could his wings sustain that blaze of sun. 105
From

From heaven he views the fatal depths below,
 Whilst killing fears prevent the distant blow.
 His struggling arms now no assistance find,
 Nor poise the body, nor receive the wind.
 Falling, his father he implores in vain, 110
 To aid his flight, and sinking limbs sustain;
 His name invokes, till the expiring sound
 Far in the floods with Icarus was drown'd.
 The parent mourns, a parent now no more,
 And seeks the absent youth on every shore; 115
 Where's my lov'd son, my Icarus! he cries;
 Say in what distant region of the skies,
 Or faithless clime, the youthful wanderer flies! }
 Then view'd his pinions scatter'd o'er the stream,
 The shore his bones receiv'd, the waves his name. 120
 Minos with walls attempted to detain
 His flying guests, but did attempt in vain:
 Yet the wing'd god shall to our rules submit,
 And Cupid yield to more prevailing wit.
 Thessalian arts in vain rash lovers use, 125
 In vain with drugs the scornful maid abuse:
 The skilful'st potions ineffectual prove,
 Useless are magic remedies in love:
 Could charms prevail, Circe had prov'd her art,
 And fond Medea fix'd her Jason's heart. 130
 Nor tempt with philters the disdainful dame;
 They rage inspire, create a frantic flame:
 Abstain from guilt, all vicious arts remove,
 And make your passion worthy of her love.

BOOK II. OVID'S ART OF LOVE. 413

Distrust your empty form and boasted face; 135

The nymph engage a thousand nobler ways :

To fix her vanquish'd heart intirely thine,

Accomplish'd graces to your native join.

Beauty's but frail, a charm that soon decays,

Its lustre fades as rolling years increase,

And age still triumphs o'er the ruin'd face. }

This truth the fair but short-liv'd lily shows,

And prickles that survive the faded rose.

Learn, lovely boy, be with instruction wise !

Beauty and youth mis-spent are past advice. 145

Then cultivate thy mind with Wit and Fame,

Those lasting charms survive the funeral flame.

With arts and sciences your breast improve,

Of high import are languages in love :

The fam'd Ulysses was not fair nor young, 150

But eloquent and charming with his tongue :

And yet for him contending beauties strove,

And every sea-nymph sought the hero's love,

Calypso mourn'd when he forsook her shores,

And with fond waves detain'd his hasty oars. 155

Oft she inquir'd of ruin'd Ilium's fate,

Making him oft the wondrous tale relate ;

Which with such grace his florid tongue could frame,

The story still was new, tho' still the same.

Now standing on the shores, again declare, 160

Calypso cry'd, your fam'd exploits in war.

He with a wand, a slender wand he bore,

Delineates every action on the shore.

Here's

414 YALDEN'S POEMS.

Here's Troy, says he, then draws the walls in sand :
 There Simois flows, here my battalions stand. 165
 A field there was, (and then describes the field)
 Where Dolon, with rewards deceiv'd, we kill'd.
 Just thus entrench'd imagine Rhesus lies,
 And here we make his warlike steeds our prize.
 Much he describ'd, when a destructive wave
 Wash'd off the slender Troy, and rolling gave
 To Rhesus and his tents one common grave. }
 Long with delight his charming tongue she heard,
 The well-rais'd passion in her looks appear'd :
 The goddess weeps to view his spreading sails, 175
 So much a soldier with the sex prevails.
 Distrust thy form, fond youth, and learn to know,
 There 's more requir'd in love than empty show.
 With just disdain she treats the haughty mind,
 'Tis complaisance that makes a beauty kind. 180
 The hawk we hate that always lives in arms,
 The raging wolf that every flock alarms :
 But the mild swallow none with toils infests,
 And none the soft Chaonian bird molests.
 Debates avoid, and rude contention shun ; 185
 A woman 's with submissive language won.
 Let the wife rail, and injur'd husband swear,
 Such freedoms are allow'd the marry'd pair :
 Discord and strife to nuptial beds belong,
 The portion justifies a clamorous tongue. 190
 With tender vows the yielding maid endear,
 And let her only sighs and wishes hear.

Book II. 2 OVID'S ART OF LOVE. 413

Contrive with words and actions to delight,
Still charm her ear, and still oblige her sight.

I no instructions to the rich impart, 195

He needs not, that presents, my useless art:

The giving lover's handsome, valiant, wife,

His happy fortune is above advice.

I to the needy sing; though poor, I love,

And, wanting wealth, with melting language move. 200

His honour storms a stubborn damsel's door;

I'm cautious to affront, because I'm poor.

With pleasing arts I court, with arts possess;

Or if I'm bounteous, 'tis in promises.

Enrag'd, I ruffled once Corinna's hair, 205

Long was I banish'd by the injur'd fair;

Long mournful nights for this consum'd alone,

Nor could my tears the furious maid atone.

Weeping, she vow'd, a suit of point I tore;

Falsely she vow'd, but I must purchase more. 210

Make not your guilty master's crime your own,

But by my punishment my error shun;

Indecent fury from her sight remove,

No passion let your mistress know, but love.

Yet if the haughty nymph's unkind and coy, 215

Or shuns your sight; have patience, and enjoy.

By slow degrees we bend the stubborn bow;

What force resists, with art will pliant grow.

In vain we stem a torrent's rapid force,

But swim with ease, complying with its course. 220

By gentler arts we savage beasts reclaim,

And lions, bulls, and furious tigers tame.

Fiercely

Fiercely Atlanta o'er the forest rov'd,
 Cruel and wild, and yet at last she lov'd.
 Melanion long deplor'd his hopeless flame, 225
 And, weeping, in the woods pursued the scornful dame:
 On his submissive neck her toils he wore,
 And with his mistress chac'd the dreadful boar.
 Arm'd to the woods I bid you not repair,
 Nor follow over hills the savage fair: 230
 My soft injunctions less severe you 'll find,
 Easy to learn, and fram'd to every mind.
 Her wishes never, nor her will withstand;
 Submit, you conquer; serve, and you 'll command.
 Her words approve, deny what she denies; 235
 Like, where she likes; and where she scorns, despise.
 Laugh when she smiles: when sad, dissolve in tears;
 Let every gesture sympathize with hers.
 If she delights, as women will, in play,
 Her stakes return, your ready losings pay. 240
 When she 's at cards, or rattling dice she throws,
 Connive at cheats, and generously lose.
 A smiling winner let the nymph remain,
 Let your pleas'd mistress every conquest gain.
 In heat, with an umbrello ready stand; 245
 When walking, offer your officious hand.
 Her trembling hands, though you sustain the cold,
 Cherish, and to your warmer bosom hold.
 Think no inferior office a disgrace;
 No action, that a mistress gains, is base. 250
 The hero that eluded Juno's spite,
 And every monster overcame in fight,

That

That past so many bloody labours o'er,
 And well deserv'd that heav'n whose weight he bore :
 Amidst Ionian damsels carding stands, 255
 And grasps the distaff with obedient hands ;
 In all commands the haughty dame obeys ;
 And who disdains to act like Hercules ?
 If she 's at law, be sure commend the laws,
 Solicit with the judge, or plead her cause. 260
 With patience at the assignation wait,
 Early appear, attend her coming late.
 Whene'er she wants a messenger, away,
 And her commands with flying feet obey.
 When late from supper she 's returning home, 265
 And calls her servant, as a servant come.
 She for the country air retires from town,
 You want a coach, or horse, why foot it down :
 Let not the sultry season of the year,
 The falling snows, or constant rain deter. 270
 Love is a warfare ; an ignoble sloth
 Seems equal contemptible in both :
 In both are watchings, duels, anxious cares,
 The soldier thus, and thus the lover fares ;
 With rain he 's drench'd, with piercing tempests shakes,
 And on the colder earth his lodging takes.
 Fame says that Phœbus kept Admetus' herd ;
 And coarsely in an humble cottage far'd ;
 No servile offices the god deny'd ;
 Learn this, ye lovers, and renounce your pride. 280

When all excess is to your mistress hard,
 When every door secur'd, and window barr'd ;

The roof untile, some desperate passage find :
 You cannot be too bold to make her kind :
 Oh, how she 'll clasp you when the dangers o'er, 285
 And value your deserving passion more !
 Thus through the boisterous seas Leander mov'd,
 Not to possess, but shew how much he lov'd.

Nor blushing think how low you condescend
 To court her maids, and make each slave your friend :
 Each by their names familiarly salute,
 And beg them to promote your amorous suit.
 Perhaps a bribe 's requir'd ; your bounty show,
 And from your slender fortune part bestow.
 A double bribe the chamber-maid secures ; 295
 And when the favorite 's gain'd, the fair is your's.
 She 'll add, to every thing you do, a grace,
 And watch the wanton hours, and time her praise.
 When servants merry make, and feast and play,
 Then give her something to keep holiday. 300
 Retain them every one, the porter most,
 And her who nightly guards the happy coast.

I no profuse nor costly gifts commend,
 But choose and time it well, whate'er you send.
 Provide the product of the early year, 305
 And let your boy the rural present bear ;
 Tell her 'twas fresh, and from your manor brought,
 Though stale, and in the suburb market bought,
 The first ripe cluster let your mistress eat,
 With chefnuts, melons, and fair peaches treat : 310
 Some larger fish, or choicer fowl present :
 They recommend your passion, where they 're sent.

'Tis

Book II. OVID'S ART OF LOVE. 419.

'Tis with these arts the childless miser's caught;
Thus future legacies are basely bought:
But may his name with infamy be curst, 315
That practis'd them on love, and woman first!

In tender sonnets most your flame rehearse,
But who, alas! of late are mov'd by verse?
Women a wealthy-treating fool admire,
Applaud your wit, but costly gifts require. 320
This is the golden age, all worship gold,
Honours are purchas'd, Love and Beauty sold.
Should Homer come with his harmonious train,
And not present, Homer's turn'd out again.
Some of the sex have sense, their number's small; 325
Most ignorant, yet vain pretenders all:
Flatter aright, smooth empty stanzas send;
They seldom sense, but sound and rhyme commend.
Should you with art compose each polish'd line,
And make her, like your numbers, all divine: 330
Yet she'll a treat, or worthless toy prefer
To all th' immortal poet's boasted care.

But he that covets to retain her heart,
Let him apply his flattery with art:
With lasting raptures on her beauty gaze, 335
And make her form the subject of his praise.
Purple commend, when she's in purple dress'd;
In scarlet, swear she looks in scarlet best:
Array'd in gold, her graceful mien adore,
Vowing those eyes transcend the sparkling ore, 340
With prudence place each compliment aright,
Though clad in crape, let homely crape delight.

In sort'd colours, praise a vary'd dress;
 In night-cloaths, or commode, let either please.
 Or when she combs, or when she curls her hair, 345
 Commend her curious art and gallant air.
 Singing, her voice, dancing, her step admire,
 Applaud when she desists, and still desire:
 Let all her words and actions wonder raise,
 View her with raptures, and with raptures praise. 350
 Fierce as Medusa though your mistress prove,
 These arts will teach the stubborn beauty love.

Be cautious lest you over-act your part,
 And temper your hypocrisy with art:
 Let no false action give your words the lie, 355
 For, undeceiv'd, she's ever after shy.
 In Autumn oft, when the luxurious year
 Purples the grape, and shows the vintage near;
 When sultry heats, when colder blasts arise,
 And bodies languish with inconstant skies: 360
 If vitious heaven infects her tender veins,
 And in her tainted blood some fever reigns;
 Then your kind vows, your pious care bestow,
 The blessings you expect to reap, then sow:
 Think nothing nauseous in her loath'd disease, 365
 But with your ready hand contrive to please:
 Weep in her sight, then fonder kisses give,
 And let her burning lips your tears receive.
 Much for her safety vow, but louder speak,
 Let the nymph hear the lavish vows you make. 370
 As health returns, so let your joys appear,
 Oft smile with hope, and oft confess your fear.

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This in her breast remains, these pleasing charms
 Secure a passage to her grateful arms.
 Reach nothing nauseous to her taste or sight, 375
 Officious only when you most delight :
 Nor bitter draughts, nor hated medicines give ;
 Let her from rivals what she loaths receive.
 Those prosperous winds that launch'd our bark from shore,
 When out at sea assist its course no more : 380
 Time will your knowledge in our art improve,
 Give strength and vigour to your forming love.
 The dreadful bull was but a calf, when young ;
 The lofty oak but from an acorn sprung :
 From narrow springs the noblest currents flow, 385
 But swell their floods, and spread them as they go.
 Be conversant with love, no toils refuse,
 And conquer all fatigues with frequent use.
 Still let her hear your sighs, your passion view,
 And night and day the flying maid pursue. 390
 Then pause awhile ; by fallow fields we gain ;
 A thirsty soil receives the welcome rain.
 Phyllis was calm while with Demophoon blest'd,
 His absence wounded most her raging breast :
 Thus his chaste consort for Ulysses burn'd, 395
 And Laodamia thus her absent husband mourn'd :
 With speed return, you're ruin'd by delays,
 Some happy youth may soon supply your place.
 When Sparta's prince was from his Helen gone,
 Could Helen be content to lie alone ? 400
 She in his bed receiv'd her amorous guest,
 And nightly clasp'd him to her panting breast.

Unthinking cuckold, to a proverb blind !

What, trust a beau and a fair wife behind !

Let furious hawks thy trembling turtles keep, 405

And to the mountain wolves commit thy sheep :

Helen is guiltless, and her lover's crime

But what yourself would act another time !

The youth was pressing, the dull husband gone,

Let every woman make the case her own : 410

Who could a prince, by Venus sent, refuse ?

The cuckold's negligence is her excuse.

But not the foaming boar whom spears surround,

Revenging on the dogs his mortal wound,

Nor lioness, whose young receive the breast,

Nor viper by unwary footsteps prest ;

Nor drunkard by th' Aonian god possest,

Transcend the woman's rage, by fury led,

To find a rival in her injur'd bed.

With fire and sword she flies, the frantic dame 420

Disdains the thoughts of tenderness or shame.

Her offspring's blood enrag'd Medea spilt,

A cruel mother, for the father's guilt.

And Progne's unrelenting fury proves,

That dire revenge pursues neglected loves. 425

Where sacred ties of honour are destroy'd,

Such errors cautious lovers must avoid.

Think not my precepts constancy enjoin,

Venus avert ! far nobler's my design.

At large enjoy, conceal your passion well, 430

Nor use the modish vanity to tell :

Avoid

BOOK II. OVID'S ART OF LOVE. 423

Avoid presenting of suspected toys,
 Nor to an hour confine your varied joys :
 Desert the shades you did frequent before,
 Nor make them conscious to a new amour. 435
 The nymph, when she betrays, disdains your guilt,
 And, by such falsehood taught, she learns to jilt.
 While with a wife Atrides liv'd content,
 Their loves were mutual, and she innocent :
 But when inflam'd with every charming face, 440
 Her lewdness still maintain'd an equal pace.
 Chryses, as fame had told her, pray'd in vain,
 Nor could by gifts his captive girl obtain ;
 Mournful Briseis, thy complaints she heard,
 And how his lust the tedious war deferr'd. 445
 This tamely heard, but with resentment view'd
 The victor by his beauteous slave subdued :
 With rage she saw her own neglected charms,
 And took Ægisthus to her injur'd arms.
 To lust and shame by his example led, 450
 Who durst so openly profane her bed.

What you conceal, her more observing eye
 Perhaps betrays : with oaths the fact deny ;
 And boldly give her jealousy the lie ;
 Not too submissive seem, nor over-kind ; 455
 These are the symptoms of a guilty mind :
 But no caresses, no endearments spare,
 Enjoyment pacifies the angry fair.

There are, that strong provoking potions praise,
 And nature with pernicious medicines raise : 460

Nor drugs, nor herbs, will what you fancy prove,

And I pronounce them poisonous all in love.

Some pepper bruise'd with seeds of nettles join,

And clary steep in bowls of mellow wine :

Venus is most averse to forc'd delights,

465

Extorted flames pollute her genial rites ;

With fishes spawn thy feeble nerves recruit,

And with eringo's hot salacious root :

The goddesses worship'd by th' Erycian swains

Megara's white shallot, so faint, disdains.

470

New eggs they take, and honey's liquid juice,

And leaves and apples of the pine infuse.

Prescribe no more, my Muse, nor medicines give:

Beauty and youth need no provocative.

You that conceal'd your secret crimes before,

475

Proclaim them now, now publish each amour.

Nor tax me with inconstancy ; we find

The driving bark requires a veering wind :

Now northern blasts we court, now southern gales,

And every point befriends our shifted sails.

480

Thus chariot-drivers with a flowing rein

Direct their steeds, then curb them in again.

Indulgence oft corrupts the faithless dame,

Secure from rivals she neglects your flame :

The mind without variety is cloy'd,

485

And nauseates pleasures it has long enjoy'd.

But as a fire, whose wasted strength declines,

Converts to ashes, and but faintly shines ;

When sulphur's brought, the spreading flames return,

And glowing embers with fresh fury burn :

490

A

A rival thus th' ungrateful maid reclaims,
 Revives desire, and feeds her dying flames :
 Oft make her jealous, give your fondness o'er,
 And tease her often with some new amour.
 Happy, thrice happy youth, with pleasures blest,
 Too great, to exquisite to be exprest,
 That view'st the anguish of her jealous breast !
 Whene'er thy guilt the slighted beauty knows,
 She swoons ; her voice, and then her colour goes.
 Oft would my furious nymph, in burning rage, 500
 Assault my locks, and with her nails engage ;
 Then how she 'd weep, what piercing glances cast !
 And vow to hate the perjur'd wretch at last.
 Let not your mistress long your falsehood mourn :
 Neglected fondness will to fury turn. 505
 But kindly clasp her in your arms again,
 And on your breast her drooping head sustain :
 Whilst weeping kifs, amidst her tears enjoy,
 And with excess of bliss her rage destroy.
 Let her awhile lament, awhile complain, 510
 Then die with pleasure, as she dy'd with pain.
 Enjoyment cures her with its powerful charms,
 She 'll sign a pardon in your active arms.

First nature lay an undigested mass,
 Heaven, earth, and ocean, wore one common face : 515
 Then vaulted heaven was fram'd, waves earth inclos'd ;
 And Chaos was in beauteous form dispos'd ;
 The beasts inhabit woods, the birds the air,
 And to the floods the scaly fry repair.
 Mankind alone enjoy'd no certain place, 520
 On rapine liv'd, a rude unpolish'd race :

Caves.

Caves were their houses, herbs their food and bed,
 Whilst each a savage from the other fled.
 Love first disarm'd the fierceness of their mind,
 And in one bed the men and women join'd. 525
 The youth was eager, but unskill'd in joy,
 Nor was the unexperienc'd virgin coy !
 They knew no courtship, no instructor found,
 Yet they enjoy'd, and bless'd the pleasing wound.
 The birds with consorts propagate their kind, 530
 And sporting fish their finny beauties find :
 In amorous folds the wanton serpents twine,
 And dogs with their salacious females join.
 The lusty bull delights his frisking dames,
 And more lascivious goat her male inflames. 535
 Mares furious grow with love, their boundaries force,
 Plunging through waves to meet the neighing horse.
 Go on, brave youth, thy generous vigour try,
 To the resenting maid this charm apply :
 Love's softening pleasures every grief remove, 540
 There 's nothing that can can make your peace like love.
 From drugs and philtres no redress you 'll find,
 But nature with your mistress will be kind.
 The love that 's unconstrain'd will long endure,
 Machaon's art was false, but mine is sure. 545
 Whilst thus I sung, inflam'd with nobler fire,
 I heard the great Apollo's tuneful lyre ;
 His hand a branch of spreading laurel bore,
 And on his head a laurel wreath he wore ;
 Around he cast diffusive rays of light, 550
 Confessing all the god to human sight,

Thou

BOOK II. OVID'S ART OF LOVE. 427

Thou master of lascivious arts, he said,
To my frequented fane thy pupils lead :
And there inscribe in characters of gold,
This celebrated sentence you 'll behold. 555

First know yourself ; who to himself is known,
Shall love with conduct, and his wishes crown.
Where Nature has a handsome face bestow'd,
Or graceful shape, let both be often show'd :
Let men of wit and humour silence shun, 560
The artist sing, and soldier bluster on :
Of long harangues, ye eloquent, take heed,
Nor thy damn'd works, thou teasing poet, read.
Thus Phœbus spake : A just obedience give,
And these injunctions from a god receive. 565

I mysteries unfold ; to my advice
Attend, ye vulgar lovers, and grow wise.
The thriving grain in harvest often fails :
Oft prosp'rous winds turn adverse to our sails :
Few are the pleasures, though the toils are great : 570

With patience must submissive lovers wait.
What hares on Athos, bees on Hybla feed,
Or berries on the circling ivy breed ;
As shells on sandy shores, as stars above,
So numerous are the sure fatigues of love. 575

The lady 's gone abroad, you 're told ; though seen,
Distrust your eyes, believe her not within.
Her lodgings on the promis'd night are close ;
Resent it not, but on the earth repose.
Her maid will cry, with an insulting tone, 580
What makes you saunter here ? you sot, be gone.

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With

With moving words the cruel nymph intreat,
And place your garland on the bolted gate.

Why do I light and vulgar precepts use?

A nobler subject now inspires my Muse: 585

Approaching joys I sing; ye youths draw near,

Listen ye happy lovers and give ear:

The labour's great, and daring is my song.

Labours and great attempts to Love belong.

As from the sacred oracles of Jove 590

Receive these grand mysterious truths in Love.

Look down when she the ogling spark invites,

Nor touch the conscious tablets when she writes.

Appear not jealous, though she's much from home,

Let her at pleasure go, unquestion'd come. 595

This crafty husbands to their wives permit,

And learn, when she's engag'd, to wink at it.

I my own frailties modestly confess;

And, blushing, give those precepts I transgress;

Shall I, with patience, the known signal hear, 600

Retire, and leave a happy rival there!

What! tamely suffer the provoking wrong,

And be afraid to use my hands or tongue!

Corinna's husband kiss'd her in my sight;

I beat the saucy fool, and seiz'd my right. 605

I like a fury for my nymph engage,

And like a mad-man, when I miss her, rage.

My passion still prevails, convinc'd I yield!

He that submits to this is better skill'd.

Expose not, though you find her guilty flame, 610

Let her abandon modesty and shame:

Conceal

BOOK II. OVID'S ART OF LOVE. 429

Conceal her faults, no secret crimes upbraid;
Nothing 's so fond as a suspected maid,
Discover'd love increases with despair,
When both alike the guilt and scandal share: 615
All sense of modesty they lose in time,
Whilst each encourages the other's crime.

In heaven this story 's fam'd above the rest,
Amongst th' immortal drolls a standing jest:
How Vulcan two transgressing lovers caught, 620
And every god a pleas'd spectator brought.
Great Mars for Venus felt a guilty flame,
Neglected war, and own'd a lover's name;
To his desires the Queen of Love inclin'd;
No nymph in heaven 's so willing, none so kind. 625
Oft the lascivious fair, with scornful pride,
Would Vulcan's foot and sooty hands deride,
Yet both with decency their passion bore,
And modestly conceal'd the close amour.
But by the sun betray'd in their embrace,
(For what escapes the sun's observing rays?)
He told th' affronted god of his disgrace.
Ah foolish sun! and much unskill'd in love
Thou hast an ill example set above!

Never a fair offending nymph betray, 635
She'll gratefully oblige you every way:
The crafty spouse around his bed prepares
Nets that deceive the eye, and secret snares:
A journey feigns, th' impatient lovers met,
And naked were expos'd in Vulcan's net. 640

The

The gods deride the criminals in chains,
 And scarce from tears the Queen of Love refrains :
 Nor could her hands conceal her guilty face,
 She wants that cover for another place.
 To furlly Mars a gay spectator said, 645
 Why so uneasy in that envy'd bed ?
 On me transfer your chains ; I'll freely come
 For your release, and suffer in your room.
 At length, kind Neptune, freed by thy desires,
 Mars goes for Crete, to Paphos she retires,
 Their loves augmented with revengeful fires ;
 Now conversant with infamy and shame,
 They set no bounds to their licentious flame.
 But, honest Vulcan, what was thy pretence,
 To act so much unlike a god of sense ? 655
 They sin in publick, you the shame repent,
 Convinc'd that loves increase with punishment.
 Though in your power, a rival ne'er expose,
 Never his intercepted joys disclose :
 This I command, Venus commands the same, 660
 Who hates the snares she once sustain'd with shame.
 What impious wretch will Ceres' rites expose,
 Or Juno's solemm mysteries disclose !
 His witty torments Tantalus deserves,
 That thirsts in waves, and viewing banquets starves. 665
 But Venus most in secrecy delights ;
 Away, ye bablers, from her silent rites !
 No pomp her mysteries attends, no noise !
 No sounding brass proclaims the latent joys !

With

With folded arms the happy pair possess,
 Nor should the fond betraying tongue confess
 Those raptures, which no language can express. }
 When naked Venus cast her robes aside,
 The parts obscene her hands extended hide :
 No girl on propagating beasts will gaze, 675
 But hangs her head, and turns away her face.
 We darken'd beds and doors for love provide ;
 What nature cannot, decent habits hide.
 Love darkness courts, at most a glimmering light,
 To raise our joys, and just oblige the sight. 680
 Ere happy men beneath a roof were laid,
 When oaks provided them with food and shade ;
 Some gloomy cave receiv'd the wanton pair ;
 For light too modest, and unshaded air !
 From public view they decently retir'd, 685
 And secretly perform'd what love inspir'd.
 Now scarce a modish fop about the town,
 But boasts with whom, how oft, and where 'twas done ;
 They taste no pleasure, relish no delight,
 Till they recount what pass'd the happy night. 690
 But men of honour always thought it base,
 To prostitute each kinder nymph's embrace :
 To blast her fame, and vainly hurt his own,
 And furnish scandal for a lewd lampoon.
 And here I must some guilty arts accuse,
 And disingenuous shifts that lovers use, }
 To wrong the chaste, and innocent abuse.
 When long repuls'd, they find their courtship vain,
 Her character with infamy they stain :

Deny'd her person, they debauch her fame,
 And brand her innocence with public shame.
 Go, jealous fool, the injur'd beauty guard,
 Let every door be lock'd, and window barr'd!
 The suffering nymph remains expos'd to wrong;
 Her name 's a prostitute to every tongue:
 For malice will with joy the lie receive,
 Report, and what it wishes true, believe.

With care conceal what'er defects you find,
 To all her faults seem like a lover blind.
 Naked Andromeda when Perseus view'd,
 He saw her faults, but yet pronounc'd them good.
 Andromache was tall, yet some report
 Her Hector was so blind, he thought her short.
 At first what 's nauseous, lessens by degrees,
 Young loves are nice, and difficult to please.
 The infant plant, that bears a tender rind,
 Reels to and fro with every breath of wind:
 But shooting upward to a tree at last,
 It stems the storm, and braves the strongest blast.
 Time will defects and blemishes endear,
 And make them lovely to your eyes appear:
 Unusual scents at first may give offence;
 Time reconciles them to the vanquish'd sense:
 Her vices soften with some kinder phrase;
 If she is swarthy as the negro's face,
 Call it a graceful brown, and that complexion praise.
 The ruddy lass must be like Venus fair,
 Or like Minerva that has yellow hair.

If pale and meagre, praise her shape and youth,
Active when small, when gross she's plump and smooth,
Every excess by softening terms disguise,
And in some neighbouring virtue hide each vice.

Nor ask her age, consult no register,
Under whose reign she's born, or what's the year!
If fading youth checkers her hair with white,
Experience makes her perfect in delight;
In her embrace sublimer joys are found,
A fruitful soil, and cultivated ground!
The hours enjoy whilst youth and pleasures last,
Age hurries on, and Death pursues too fast.

Or plough the seas, or cultivate the land,
Or wield the sword in thy adventurous hand:
Or much in love thy nervous strength employ,
Embrace the fair, the grateful maid enjoy;
Pleasure and wealth reward thy pleasing pains,
The labour's great, but greater far the gains.

Add their experience in affairs of love,
For years and practice do alike improve;
Their arts repair the injuries of time,
And still preserve them in their charming prime:
In vary'd ways they act the pleasure o'er,
Not pictur'd postures can instruct you more.

They want no courtship to provoke delight,
But meet your warmth with eager appetite:
Give me enjoyment, when the willing dame
Glow's with desires, and burns with equal flame.

I love to hear the soft transporting joys,
The frequent sighs, the tender murmuring voice:

To see her eyes with vary'd pleasure move,
 And all the nymph confess the power of love. 760
 Nature's not thus indulgent to the young,
 These joys alone to riper years belong :

Who youth enjoys, drinks crude unready wine,
 Let age your girl and sprightly juice refine,
 Mellow their sweets, and make the taste divine. 765 }
 To Helen who'd Hermione prefer,

Or Gorgé think beyond her mother fair :
 But he that covets the experienc'd dame,
 Shall crown his joys, and triumph in his flame.

One conscious bed receives the happy pair : 770

Retire, my Muse ; the door demands thy care.
 What charming words, what tender things are said!

What language flows without thy usefess aid !
 There shall the roving hand employment find,
 Inspire new flames, and make ev'n virgins kind. 775

Thus Hector did Andromache delight,
 Hector in love victorious, as in fight.

When weary from the field Achilles came,
 Thus with delays he rais'd Briseïs' flame.

Ah, could those arms, those fatal hands delight, 780
 Inspire kind thoughts, and raise thy appetite !

Could'st thou, fond maid, be charm'd with his embrace,
 Stain'd with the blood of half thy royal race ?

Nor yet with speed the fleeting pleasures waste,
 Still moderate your love's impetuous haste : 785

The bashful virgin, though appearing coy,
 Detains your hand, and hugs the proffer'd joy.

Then

BOOK II. OVID'S ART OF LOVE. 435

Then view her eyes with humid lustre bright,
Sparkling with rage, and trembling with delight :
Her kind complaints, her melting accents hear, 790
The eye she charms, and wounds the listening ear.
Desert not then the clasping nymph's embrace,
But with her love maintain an equal pace :
Raise to her heights the transports of your soul,
And fly united to the happy goal. 795

Observe these precepts when with leisure blest,
No threatening fears your private hours molest ;
When danger's near, your active force employ,
And urge with eager speed the hasty joy :
Then ply your oars, then practise this advice, 800
And strain with whip and spur, to gain the prize.

The work 's complete: triumphant palms prepare,
With flowery wreaths adorn my flowing hair.

As to the Greeks was Podalirius' art,
To heal with medicines the afflicted part: 805
Nestor's advice, Achilles' arms in field,
Automedon for chariot-driving skill'd ;
As Chalcas could explain the mystic bird,
And Telemon could wield the brandish'd sword :
Such to the town my fam'd instructions prove, 810
So much am I renown'd for arts of love:
Me every youth shall praise, extol my name,
And o'er the globe diffuse my lasting fame.

I arms provide against the scornful fair;
Thus Vulcan arm'd Achilles for the war. 815
Whatever youth shall with my aid o'ercome,
And lead his Amazon in triumph home ;

Let him that conquers, and enjoys the dame,
In gratitude for his instructed flame,
Inscribe the spoils with my auspicious name. }
The tender girls my precepts next demand:
Them I commit to a more skilful hand. 822

AN ESSAY ON THE CHARACTER OF
SIR WILLOUGHBY ASTON,
LATE OF ASTON IN CHESHIRE, 1704.

TO THE LADY CREWE OF UTKINTON.

MADAM,

AS when the eagle, with a parent's love,
Prepares her young to visit realms above:
With heaven's full lustre she allures him on,
First to admire, and then approach the sun;
Unweary'd he surveys the orb of light,
Charm'd by the object to maintain his flight. 5

To you th' aspiring Muse her labour brings,
Thus tries its fate, and thus expands her wings:
Tempted to gaze on your auspicious light,
This hasty birth to you directs its flight; 10
The beauties of your mind transported views,
Admiring fings, and pleas'd her flight pursues.

Permit these loose, unfinish'd lines to claim
The kind protection of your parent's name:
Though

ON SIR WILLOUGHBY ASTON. 437

Though void of ornaments, and every grace, 15
Accept the piece, as sacred to your race.
Where you behold your great forefathers fame,
And trace the springs from whence your virtues came: A
Survey the triumphs, and the honours view,
That by a long descent devolve on you. 20

In vain the Muse her vanquish'd pencil tries,
Where unexhausted stores of beauty rise:
Languid and faint her labours must appear,
Whilst you transcend her fairest character.
So bright in you your father's graces shine, 25
And all the virtues of your ancient line;
That none with pleasure can the copy view,
Whilst the original survives in you.

WHAT man renown'd ! what British worthy's praise
Inspires the Muse ! and consecrates her lays!

Record thy Aston's celebrated name,
Display his virtues, and transmit his fame.
Illustrious actions to thy care belong, 30
And form the beauties of heroic song :
None e'er appear'd with so immense a store,
Nor ever grac'd harmonious numbers more.

Nor stain, my Muse, with thy officious tears,
The bright example for succeeding years :
Whilst others in dejected notes complain,
Sublime thy song, attempt a nobler strain.
With verse assuage his pious off-spring's care,
And calm the sorrows of the weeping fair : 35

438 **MOYALDEN'S POEMS.**

Dispel the shades that fate untimely spread, 13
And cease to mourn for the immortal dead.

Where out-stretch'd Britain in the ocean's loft,
And Dee and rapid Mercy bound the coast;
There hills arise with sylvan honours crown'd,
There fruitful vales and shady streams abound, 20
Not Median groves, not Tempe's boasted plain,
Nor where Pactolus' sands enrich the main,
Can yield a prospect fairer to the sight,
Nor charm with scenes of more august delight.

Here Lupus and his warlike chiefs obtain'd 25
Imperial sway, and great in honours reign'd:
Deriving titles from their swords alone,
Their laws preserv'd, and liberties their own.

As when two swelling floods their waves oppose,
Nor would confound the urns from whence they rose: 30
But by degrees uniting in a stream,
Forget their fountains, and become the same.
Thus strove the Britains with the Norman race,
Fierce with their wrongs, and conscious of disgrace: 35
But when the fury of their arms was o'er,
Whom thirst of empire had engag'd before,
Now Friendship binds, and Love unites the more. }
From whom a long descent of worthies shine,
Just to the glories of their martial line:
Admiring Fame their matchless force records, 40
Their bounteous minds, and hospitable boards.
Where Weever hastens to receive the Dane,
Refreshing with united streams the plain;

A rising

A rising fabrick, with majestic grace,
 Demands the tribute of thy lofty praise, 45
 There Aston stands conspicuous to the sight;
 To Aston, Muse, direct thy pleasing sight!
 From far the pompous edifice behold,
 Just the proportions, and the structure bold.
 Beauty is there with elegance express'd, 50
 Improv'd with art, with native grandeur blest'd.
 What nobler object could the worthy find,
 To signalize the greatness of his mind:
 Than to adorn, with so august a frame,
 The place that gave his ancestors a name? 55
 Delightful scene! thy patron's early care,
 Who rais'd thee up magnificently fair:
 He form'd thy beauties, and encreas'd thy store,
 Great in thyself, but in thy founder more.
 From generous Hudard, whose victorious sword 60
 Made Aston stoop beneath a foreign lord,
 Twenty successive chiefs descended down;
 Illustrious all, and matchless in renown.
 When injur'd barons durst by arms restrain
 Their sovereign's pride, on the embattled plain; 65
 And rival roses, with impetuous rage,
 Involv'd in blood the next descending age:
 Or when abroad we nobler conquests fought,
 For Empire strove, for Fame and Beauty fought;
 Their great exploits our British annals grace, 70
 And ancient bards immortalize the race.
 No lineage can a nobler subject yield,
 Nor oftener shar'd the triumphs of the field;

Renown'd in war, by arts indear'd to fame,
 Worthy their high descent, and glorious name. 75

But though so many pious worthies join,
 To form the lustre of a noble line :
 Pass not, ungrateful nymph, neglected by
 A shade renown'd ! a name that cannot die !
 His father's fame with awful steps pursue,
 And raise thy flight with the transporting view. 80
 When loud Sedition call'd him early forth,
 To merit wreaths, and signalize his worth ;
 His bounteous mind supply'd the royal part
 With flowing fortunes, and a faithful heart. 85
 His sword and pen were drawn in just defence
 Of suffering prelates, and an injur'd prince :
 And as some midnight wolf, by hunger press'd,
 With boundless fury would the plains infest ;
 But if he hears the lion's awful voice,
 His head he couches, and contracts his paws : 90
 Thus raging Faction murmur'd in its den,
 Restrain'd and aw'd by his sublimer pen :
 And when Rebellion rear'd its guilty head,
 Before his arms the vanquish'd monster fled. 95

Immortal shade ! to endless ages rest !
 With joys, that never rebel tasted, blest'd :
 As champion for the sacred'st race of men,
 Accept this tribute from a grateful pen ;
 Firm to the church, and loyal to the crown,
 Is more than fame, and sanctifies renown. 100

Nor wonder then so many graces join'd,
 To form the perfect beauties of his mind :

He

ON SIR WILLOUGHBY ASTON. 441

He from his ancestors deriv'd them down,
Improving virtues by descent his own. 105

And first thy Aston's matchless form survey,
From early youth to nature's last decay :
The lively features of his beauty trace,
And give each lineament its native grace.

Grandeur and sweetness in his person join'd, 110
August his presence, and his aspect kind ;
His lofty stature, and distinguish'd mien,
Confess'd the greatness of a soul within ;
For generous natures purify their clay,
And o'er the body spread a lucid ray : 115

Through every part informing spirits fly,
Disdain restraint, and sparkle at the eye.
Such general lustre, such resistless grace,
His limbs adorn'd, and triumph'd in his face.

But as the earth, in her capacious veins, 120
The splendid treasure of her mines contains :
With fading flowers she paints the surface o'er,
But inward shines with unexhausted store ;
So lovely forms are on mankind bestow'd,
Only to dignify the soul's abode : 125

Within the beams of sparkling wit we find,
The charms of sense, and treasures of the mind.
Indulgent Nature thus her bounty show'd,
Thus every shining faculty bestow'd :
With stores enrich'd his intellectual seat, 130
And form'd the lustre of his mind compleat.

Where aged Cham in fam'd meanders flows,
His early youth a soft retirement chose :

To

To rest beneath the venerable shade,
 Where Spenser sung, and Cowley's Muse was laid. 133
 Propitious Nature had prepar'd before,
 A mind tenacious of the learned store :
 The flowing springs of knowledge to receive,
 And take impressions fast as art could give.

 Auspicious Cham ! not all thy boasted race 140
 Of tuneful youths, that celebrate thy praise;
 That in the various spheres of learning shine,
 Belov'd by Phoebus and the sacred Nine;
 With nobler wreaths did e'er thy temples crown,
 Or add, like him, to thy diffus'd renown. 145

 And next the flowing robe employ'd his care,
 And bulky volumes of the painful bar :
 Though wealth and fame the toilsome search attend,
 Yet he pursued it for a nobler end.
 Obscure and intricate our laws appear, 150
 Perplex'd with comments that should make them clear :
 His justice through the gloomy mists survey'd,
 And Reason found by subtleties betray'd ;
 With Eloquence he smooth'd the rugged way,
 And scatter'd shades with Judgment's piercing ray. 155

 He Nature in her dark recesses sought,
 And with Philosophy sublim'd his thought.
 In all the various parts of learning skill'd,
 That Grecian sages, or the Roman, yield :
 He from the ancients drain'd their richest store, 160
 Refining still with wit the sparkling ore.
 Nor did he want the lyre's harmonious sound,
 Whose pleasing accents all his labours crown'd :

ON SIR WILLOUGHBY ASTON. 443

The tuneful lyre, that charms us with delight,
Repels our cares, and glads the tedious night; 165
Restrains our passions, calms our furious rage,
The joy of youth, and the relief of age.

His piercing faculties, serenely bright,
Let inward to the soul distincter light:
His senses exquisite, and reason sound,
Surmounted all the obstacles they found, }
In knowledge vers'd, in learning's depths profound.

Nor were his hours to books alone confin'd,
His person was accomplish'd as his mind:
He us'd his weapons with admir'd success, 175
Excell'd in courtship, and a kind address.
Whether he urg'd the courser to his speed,
Or temper'd, with his skill, the fiery steed;
When foaming at the ring he spurns the sands,
Repeats his strokes, and launches as he stands: 180
With grateful gesture he did each command,
And ply'd his reins with an instructive hand.
Or whether, to the sportive dance inclin'd,
In lively measures he the concert join'd:
None ever mov'd with more majestic pace, 185
Show'd greater art, or more becoming grace.

His flowing wit, with solid judgment join'd,
Talents united rarely in a mind,
Had all the graces and engaging art,
That charm the ear and captivate the heart. 190
No pointed satire, nor morose disdain,
Allay'd the pleasure of his words with pain:

His

His inoffensive tongue, from slander free,
 From Flattery's vice, or blasted Calumny;
 Knew all the springs that secret passions move, 195
 Raise admiration, or inspire with love.

Sententious and instructive his discourse,
 He urg'd his reasons with resistless force.
 A lively eloquence adorn'd his thought,
 And happy turns of wit occur'd unsought: 200
 Expressive words his flowing sense convey'd,
 Just were his thoughts, and powerful to persuade.

But, goddess, now a nobler scene survey,
 Expand thy wings, thy brightest charms display!
 What various beauties here distract thy sight! 205
 What virtues that surmount thy towering light!
 As nameless stars, that form the galaxy,
 With undistinguish'd lustre gild the sky;
 So shone the graces that adorn'd his mind,
 And with concenter'd rays their beauties join'd: 210
 Whose lucid numbers but repel thy sight,
 And, thus united, form one glorious orb of light.

His riper years to wisdom he apply'd,
 Each path pursued, and every conquest try'd:
 Wisdom, the darling attribute alone, 215
 By which th' Almighty's more distinctly known:
 And, when contracted to a narrow span,
 Becomes the noblest faculty of man.

Through books he trac'd her in the pleasing chace,
 Ranack'd their stores, and still maintain'd his pace. 220
 With crowds, and busy men, he strove to find
 The flying fair, the object of his mind:

Through

ON SIR WILLOUGHBY ASTON. 445

Through specious arts, through all their vain disguise,
He saw, distinguish'd, and obtain'd the prize.

His mind, with each superior talent fraught, 225

For councils form'd his enterprizing thought :

Quick of dispatch, discreet in every trust,

Rigidly honest, and severely just.

Though kindness in his generous bosom reign'd,

The dignity of power he still maintain'd : 230

None e'er discharg'd affairs with more address,

Serv'd better public posts, or fought them less.

His constancy appear'd in every state,

Fix'd and unmov'd as the decrees of fate :

No fluctuating doubts his mind distress'd, 235

Nor shook the strong foundations of his breast.

His resolution bore him still above

The rash effects of enmity or love :

Firm on the basis of himself he stood,

Of right tenacious, permanent in good. 240

Hence flow'd a courage unallay'd with fear,

A mind undaunted, and a conscience clear :

With innocence and virtue for a guide,

Successfully he stem'd th' impetuous tide.

Intrepid thus he revolutions bore, 245

Nor deviated from paths he trod before :

The power of fortune still disdain'd to own,

Nor courted smiles, nor sunk beneath her frown.

He serv'd his country, with regards above

The common views of mercenary love : 250

His passion such, if not extended more,

As pious Romans to their Latium bore.

al No

No specious kindness popularly feign'd,
By interest rais'd, or with ambition stain'd :
The tender piety his actions show'd, 255
From duty sprung, from fond affection flow'd.

Untainted with the stain of either vice,
Of lavish waste, or grasping avarice :
Nor squander'd wealth, nor with a fordid breast
Condemn'd to hoards the treasures he possess'd. 260
His hospitable roof, with plenty stor'd,
Enjoy'd the blessings of a smiling board :
Heaven, that had bless'd him with a large increase,
Gave him a soul deserving to possess.

The father's loyalty descended down, 260
Endear'd by sufferings, to his rival son.
As Hannibal pursued the Roman state,
With double portions of his father's hate :
Such fix'd aversion in his bosom sprung,
And arm'd his soul against our factions, young ; 270
A murder'd prince, and slaughter'd parent's fate,
On the rebellious race entail'd his hate :
Firm to the crown his duty he retain'd,
And o'er his heart his rightful monarch reign'd.

View beauties yet of a sublimer kind, 275
The heavenly off-spring of a pious mind :
Charms that from innocence and virtue flow,
That to religion all their splendor owe ;
Where no obscuring spots their lustre hide,
By crimes untainted, undeform'd with pride. 280

Bless'd Charity, the pure ethereal ray,
That heaven itself does to our breasts convey ;

In

ON SIR WILLOUGHBY ASTON. 447

In larger portions to his bosom came,
And o'er his soul diffus'd a stronger flame.
In him the wretched always found relief, 285

Patron of want, redresser of their grief :
To him th' afflicted never sued in vain,
He felt their miseries, and eas'd their pain.
In midst of plenty free from sensual vice,
Nor more indulg'd than nature would suffice : 290

The calm and equal temper of his soul
Did every guilty appetite control ;
Within their womb the vicious seeds suppress'd,
And strangled forming passions in his breast.

The Church in him enjoy'd a faithful son, 295
Whose duty with his early years begun :
A virtuous life his just obedience show'd,
And from religion his affection flow'd ;
Long application fix'd his heart secure,
He search'd her doctrines, and he found them pure. 300

The liturgy employ'd his daily care,
His public worship, and his private prayer :
To all its rites conformity he paid,
The service lov'd, and discipline obey'd.
Such strong devotion, such celestial fire, 305
Inflam'd his heart, and did his breast inspire :
As if religion had engross'd the whole,
And heaven remain'd the object of his soul.

Descend, my Muse ; here stop thy pleasing flight,
For mournful prospects, gloomy shades of night. 310
Attend the last expiring scene of life,
A painful conflict, and unequal strife :

Where

Where Nature languishes beneath the weight
 Of racking torments, and approaching fate.
 With matchless patience, and undaunted mind, 314
 He bore his anguish, and his soul resign'd :
 As he the glorious prospect kept in view,
 And our old world rejected for the new.

The bounteous heavens their fruitful blessings shed,
 And chaste Lucina crown'd his nuptial bed : 320
 From whence a fair and numerous off-spring came,
 The happy pledges of a mutual flame.
 From warlike Hudard, founder of his race,
 Twenty renown'd descents his lineage grace :
 And from his loins compleat the number sprung, 325
 For every ancestor a smiling young.

The happy husband of a matchless dame,
 Endear'd by virtues, and unblemish'd fame :
 No guilty passion ever claim'd a part,
 The consort of his bed engross'd his heart. 330
 As two fair tapers burn with equal flame,
 Their heat proportion'd, and their light the same :
 And though by slow degrees they both decline,
 Both to the last with the same lustre shine :
 Such equal flames inspir'd the happy pair, 335
 Mutual their passions, and the same their care :
 Though years expir'd, and youth consum'd away,
 Their fond affections never felt decay.

As when the sun our hemisphere resigns,
 He leaves us light, and by reflection shines : 340
 And when the gloomy interval is o'er,
 He rises bright and glorious as before.

Such

ON SIR WILLOUGHBY ASTON. 449

Such likeness in his successor we find,
Left as the image of himself behind ;
With all the virtues of his race endued ; 345
The happy father's in the son renew'd.

Methinks I see a pompous tomb arise,
Beauteous the form, magnificent the size :
Enchas'd with ore, with well-wrought marble made,
Worthy the artist, and the glorious shade. 350

Crowds of officious angels weep around,
With lamps extinguish'd, and their robes unbound !
With heads reclin'd, and drooping wings they mourn,
Form'd to sustain, and grace the ponderous urn.

In abject postures, and a flowing dress, 355
Postures that love and tenderness express :
The sacred Nine surround the spacious tomb,
And spread infectious sorrows o'er the dome ;
Their lyres unstrung are thrown neglected by,
And scatter'd wreaths in just disorder lie. 360

High in the midst is his effigies plac'd,
The boast of art, with every beauty grac'd.
Advancing age in every line appears,
And shades his brow with honourable years :
Just to his form, his looks dissembled right, 365
With joy detain the fond spectator's sight.
Descending Phoebus crowns the upper scene,
His arm extended with triumphant green :
The sacred wreath around his brows to place,
And shedding on him the paternal rays. 370

In vain, alas ! we mausoleums raise,
Statues erect, and pyramids of praise :

A nobler monument remains behind,
 The lively image of his generous mind,
 The sacred pile rais'd by his pious care, 375
 Magnificent with cost, with order fair;
 Adorn'd with all that lavish art could give,
 To late posterity shall make him live.
 This shall diffuse his celebrated name,
 More than the hundred tongues of busy fame: 380
 His memory from dark oblivion save,
 Elude his fate, and triumph o'er the grave.

4 AP 54

In spirit's presence, and a flowing drive
 Postures that love and tenderness express:
 The sacred Nine throned the spacious camp,
 And placed in fashion, sorrow o'er the home;
 Their lyres unstring are thrown neglected by,
 And scatter'd wreaths in just disorder lie.
 High in the midst is his effigies plac'd,
 The host of art, with every beauty arm'd,
 Advancing age in every line appears;
 And shades his brow with hoaryable years;
 Just to his form, his looks embellish'd right,
 With joy detain the fond spectators' sight.
 Descending Pegasus crowns the upper stage,
 His arm extended with triumphant grace;
 The sacred wreath moved his brows to place,
 And shedding o'er him the immortal rays,
 In vain, alas! attempts to stain his face,
 And brands of praise, and brands of CON-

C O N T E N T S

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